

# Archery

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Devoted to Hunting & Field*



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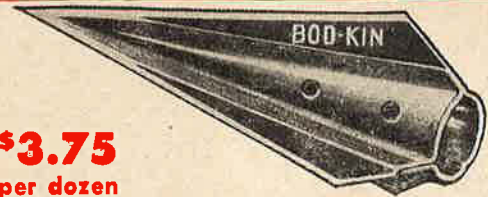
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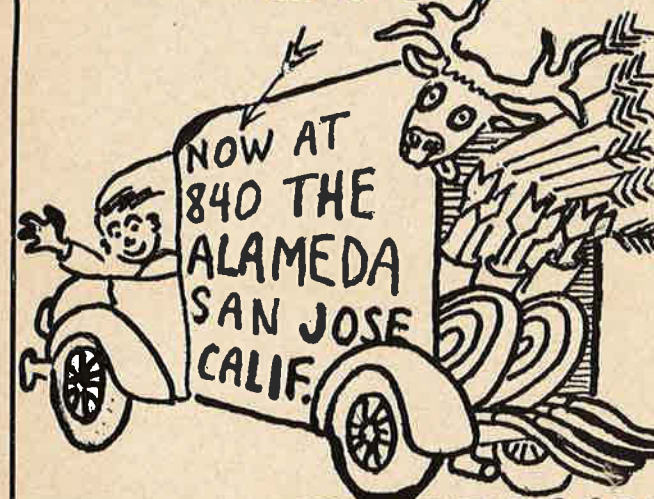
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# THUNDER BUCK

★ "Hey Doyle, I got a monster buck! Come help me get him in!" Was Doyle (Doc Cranney of Orem) happy for me? Did he congratulate me? He didn't. All he said was, "Don't kid me and don't forget that I saw you shoot this morning." Even though it was almost too much of a pill for him to swallow, he finally had to admit that it was a big buck and that it must be dead, since it had stayed around to permit us to heave, struggle, grunt, break ropes and finally get it up in a tree by the aid of our truck as a power source, and to make it all so much nicer, we did it in a downpour on a d— (decidedly) cold night.

Perhaps in starting this story I've shot my nock before my point but, before back-tracking, I'd like to say that the buck in question was taken with the most unorthodox stalk and final trailing (?) method I've ever used.

We always visit as many prospective hunting areas we can prior to the opening of the season, to get acquainted with the hot spots and where the deer hotels, family restaurants, and stag poolhalls are located. At times, of course, you can get fooled when over-taxation of the vegetation bankrupts the community for the season and when you come back for the hunt you find a ghost town. In this instance we had decided to try a part of the Fishlake National Forest. I believe that our decision was affected by a week-end trip which showed us about one hundred deer in one meadow the night we drove in and some really whopping big bucks the next day. Our decision was also affected by the reportedly extreme curiosity of the deer in

the area. After the season started, Ray Parks of American Fork, Utah, told us about a deer which just couldn't believe it hadn't been hit by his arrow, so it ran away, but came back just to confirm that he had actually missed it. The deer confirmed its findings four times in a row.

It was almost daylight when we arrived at the steep climb which marked the last one or two miles of our journey. We pulled our 15-foot camp trailer up to the camp site, unhitched and went back down to pull Doyle's trailer up with our Jeep truck.

The dawn broke clear and cold over some of the most beautiful country I have ever hunted. Golden aspen ridges and massive stands of spruce and fir with grass and sage meadows dotted here and there. Snappy 10,000-foot altitude air, which plainly carried the thud of evergreen cones dropped by busy squirrels from tree tops onto dead logs, and which carried the shrill shriek of a western red-tailed hawk to our ears. The same air which, if we weren't careful, would carry an eager hunter's scent to an alert deer or the ear-shattering crunch of a foot on a dead leaf. It was on such a morning that I almost shook first from frustration and next from mirth, when a little white-bellied weasel kept popping out of a windfall, so close to my feet that I could hardly draw. He noticed right away that the funny looking thing in front of him had an automatic built-in directional finder, because each time he popped up in a different place it would immediately turn slowly toward him, look him in the eyes with a greedy

expression and then slowly start to pull one little chunk of wood back over another. Oh yes, he also noted that a pained expression appeared each time he ducked, just before the little chunk of wood got all the way back. After a series of such happenings he finally got curious as to what would happen if he stayed out until the little stick got all the way back. It was most amusing. The same pained expression re-appeared while the thing dug the little stick out of a dead log. Such incidents are sure worth a hunting trip, aren't they?

A few mornings later I was slowly drifting along through an aspen restaurant, moving into the wind and progressing very little. I operate on the basis that if I move more often than the deer, the chances are the deer will see me first. If I stand still for longer periods than the deer, the chances are I'll see it first, and give me a better chance for a successful stalk. As luck would have it, I finally spotted a good size doe, about 70 yards ahead of me, contentedly munching her "weedies." The wind was in the right direction and, after a long and careful stalk, I peeked around a tree and, sure enough, there he was right in front of me—Doc Cranney—disgustedly crunching his teeth. In all that forest, with only three of us hunting, he had been stalking the same deer.

After a very quiet recap concerning all the deer we hadn't seen so far that morning, we started to go our separate ways when lo and behold (quite lo, since the average deer's heart is only about two feet above the ground) up the trail came another nice doe. Since Doyle was the closest I slowly sunk out of sight until he had completed his task of placing three well-made broadheads over its back. The way they hold that head up on the end of that long neck sure makes them look taller than they actually are. Anyway, I started to get up to commend him on the efficient and workman-like manner in which he had dispatched those close misses at relatively long range, when up the same trail came a two-point buck. Doyle dispatched another broadhead which looked good, but which left him without a deer and without any broadheads.

Boy, will things be different now that Doyle is out of arrows! Right there, believe it or not, coming up the same trail were two four-point bucks. Let me at 'em! Closer! Closer! Hot dog! Only about 45 yards now. CREE-EE-ACK! And two deer froze just as solid as the blood in my veins. A limb had snapped off a tree behind me and crashed to the ground. The smaller four-point didn't wait any longer to find out what had happened, but ten statuesque minutes and ten cold numbed fingers later, the big boy stepped right out into the open and looked in my direction. I slowly drew my 57-pound Kodiak Special and let 'er go. It was dead center—in an aspen tree, a foot to the right of the deer. For the first time in my experience, Mr. Buck didn't even bat an eyelash. He just stood there and looked. Since I was using a Bear bow quiver, I got another arrow on the string with prac-

## You Be The Judge

The response to our 1955 Prize Story Contest was most gratifying and we should like to take this opportunity to thank all our contributors for their thoughtfulness in writing the stories and submitting them for the contest.

Our judges really struck a snag this year when it came to determining the first prize winner. In a process of elimination, the entries were reduced to two contestants: Dick Kerr and his "Thunder Buck," and Stu Wilson with his "Two Buck Runway." Each of these stories is so well written and contain so much reader interest that we have exercised our editorial prerogative and declared the contest a tie for first place, with equal awards of \$50.00 going to each contestant.

We are presenting both of these stories this month for your reading pleasure and we know you will like them. When you read these stories, how about playing a little game—You Be The Judge! See if you don't agree with us that both authors are deserving of first prize.

Anticipating considerable difficulty in grading these prize stories clear down through twelfth place we have specified in the rules that all non-winners of first place are considered as tied for second place, or runners-up with honorable mention and when their stories are published they will receive \$25.00 for their effort. Each month during the coming months we will present one of our prize stories. The titles of these stories, together with the authors appear below. The list is not to be interpreted as the order of finish nor in sequence as to the time of publication. Watch for them during the coming months.

"ONE BUCK - - - EARNED"

By Thomas Shuppenis

"HARD LUCK BUCKLEY"

By James J. Buckley

"GHOST OF THE ROCKIES"

By Joe W. McNutt

"THE BIG BUCK"

By Floyd Thomas

"JUNIOR MASSACRES THE ODDS"

By Frank Plano

"LAST CHANCE FOR FOUR IN A ROW"

By Dick Sage

"BIG BUCK DIED ON HIS FEET"

By Paul S. Jordan

"PATIENCE PAYS OFF"

By Ted Bartkowski

"KEMP'S CARAVAN"

By W. T. Barron

"ON THE BUNNY TRAIL"

By Joe McNutt

tically none of the lateral motion which a deer is quick to notice, drew and let 'er go again. This time I attained championship form. Usually I can't shoot that good at 45 yards. I had actually loosed a second shaft which came to rest practically touching the feathers of the first arrow—in the aspen tree a foot to the right of the deer. Mr. Buck still didn't bat an eyelash, so I let fly the third arrow, and since the third time is a charm, I didn't hit the aspen tree. I buried it in the ground between his front feet, I didn't know it at the time, but I later found out that upon observing such a brilliant performance, Doyle was having a personal argument convincing



THUNDER BUCK COUNTRY

HIGH ALTITUDE, NOT TOO DENSE, NOT TOO OPEN, AND PLENTY OF FEED AND WATER.

himself that it wouldn't be proper to put an end to all of this foolishness with one of his remaining blunt small game arrows. After I had finally placed my fourth and last arrow between Mr. Buck's front legs, just under his brisket (funny how tall some deer are), he didn't even do me the honor of rushing away in abject terror. He just turned and slowly walked away.

Don't stop reading yet. I was just in a shooting slump, and since I have succeeded in nailing three deer in previous years, and since I've been eating the fourth for quite a while now, I know there's more of a tale to tell. Anyway, that last arrow bounced off a tiny sunbeam which I hadn't noticed, since it was a little above the line of sight.

Doyle and I, of course, retrieved our shafts and proceeded to re-sharpen them before continuing on our way. Two devices I have used for this purpose are the Nicholson corrugating file and the

Kittredge Keen-Kill sharpener. I figure that when I buy that hunting license, I buy the right to try to bag a deer and I buy the obligation to do my utmost to do it in a clean, quick and humane manner. It can't be done with dull broadheads.

Earl Miller, of Orem, had been out to the house a few times discussing the design of a new three-bladed spiral broadhead which he was hatching. As a result we had one of his pilot models in a drawer in our camp trailer. I hadn't found time to put it on a shaft, but after my morning fiasco I decided to give it a try. Maybe it would bore through those sunbeams. Out came an arrow, Goodyear Pliobond, the Nicholson file, a very small aluminum vise that holds broadheads rigid for camp sharpening, and on went the Spiral Killer. I puffed out my chest, looked as hunterish as possible, and told Creette (my wife) to plan on liver and onions

By  
RICHARD E. KERR

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Orem, Utah

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CREETIE AND THE MEAT POLE CHAIR.

for dinner. All this time our eleven-year-old son had been toiling away hoisting one of our champ chairs into a tree. We thought the chair looked rather silly hanging there and suggested he take it down. He told us that the limb in question was the meat pole and that the chair had to hang there until Creetie replaced it with a bow and arrow deer kill. That sounded good to me so, of course, I agreed with him.

About 3:30 that afternoon we resumed the hunt. Creetie headed for a spring-fed water hole and Doyle and I headed for aspen restaurants. I had been out for about an hour and had been having lots of fun watching sparrow hawks chase grasshoppers, when suddenly there was a flick of motion ahead that didn't blend with the swaying limbs and leaves. Concentrated attention resolved the flick into an ear and additional study finally materialized a three-point buck under it. He was accompanied by a four-point and three does, all of which were standing still and all in relatively unobstructed view. I just hadn't been able to see them until that ear flick pulled the brain switch that materialized them for me. What if I had moved too fast, or flicked a bug from the end of my nose, and thereby pulled their brain switch? They were still too far away and the forest floor was too noisy to try an

tion in which they were traveling. I set out to make a wide loop and intercept them at a point ahead. In this manner I could let them approach me over the noisy leaves and twigs. When I thought I was getting close to the proper spot, I checked the thread on the end of my bow for wind direction and very slowly and cautiously started the final stalk that should put them in sight. SNAP! CRASH! THUD! THU! TH!—I had been out arrived. The deer had already passed that spot and had been curiously watching me stalk—away from them.

It started to rain lightly as I arrived at the junction of an aspen stand and a sagebrush flat, and the sun dipped behind the western ridges leaving that shadowless quiet time between daylight and dark. At the same time, one of the most majestic bucks I had ever seen stepped out of the spruce and fir bedrooms across the flat. His position was about 200 yards across and about 100 yards down from me and, oh lucky day, my thread showed that the wind was strong from him to me. He was moving across the flat toward my side at a pretty good clip, but every once in a while he'd stop, lower his massive head, pull up a weed, and grind it around in his jaws while he continued his journey. He was far enough away, and moving fast enough, that drastic measures were required to complete that stalk.

I gently eased back into the dimmer light of the aspens and bided my time. When that great head went down, I took off as fast as I could run, paralleling the edge of the aspens. When his rack would start to rise above the sagebrush, I'd freeze. The wind and the rain were by now making plenty of noise to cover my sound, provided I didn't snap a dead limb.

By the time he reached the edge of my aspen patch, I was frozen within 50 yards of him—still too far to be sure of a hit in that cover. He felt much more relaxed after getting out of that revealing sagebrush, so he slowed down his pace practically to a standstill and

Continued on page forty-four.



OUR PRIMITIVE CAMP.

By STUART WILSON, JR.

Koo Koose Farm, Deposit, New York

(Copyright 1956 by Stuart Wilson, Jr.)

★ Sometimes a successful hunt is just an accident. Some lucky joker (who usually shoots at the bottom of the archer class) blunders into the right place at the right time, Diana steadies his bow hand, smoothes his release—and suddenly we have another hero who forevermore will smile condescendingly at his betters. I know, because I have had that kind of luck.

Less frequently a hunt is successful because it is planned that way. Such a hunt, depending as it must on an intimate knowledge of the terrain and of the habits of the quarry, provides the hunter with an inward sense of achievement that is missing from the chance encounter type.

And when the hunter singles out an individual animal, studies his habits and personality, so to speak, and then proceeds to out-wit him in his natural domain, then we reach the pinnacle of still hunting. With that trophy comes a thrill and a lifetime satisfaction known only to the very few.

That is almost the way it happened this year at Big Six. We didn't quite make the grade, but Jeanne and I came away with a good hunk of that sense of satisfaction anyway. Because we know that if the wind had held another thirty seconds, it might have been another story.

1955 had brought an end to the horse and buggy era at Big Six. Woods teams just were not available any more. Fortunately I found that out during the early fall, and had time to make some exploring expeditions to search out a possible route for the Jeep.

The old road from the highway, almost impossible for team and wagon, was out of the question for any wheeled motor vehicle. We planned, therefore, to come in from the new cutting to the east, where we could get to within two or three miles of camp on a good gravel log road. Beyond that it was cross-country, and every possible route presented serious obstacles of one sort or another, such as creeks to ford, swamps to cross, steep hills to negotiate, and the like.

After a couple of week-ends of cruising the area I settled on the tote road that had supplied an old lumber camp in the valley below Big Six. The camp had been abandoned since the turn of the century, and although the first mile or so of road had been used sporadically for twenty years after that, the last half was discernible in only a few places.

They made roads by hand in those days, leaving permanent scars only where they had to cut out a bank or blast a rock. The rest was corduroy, over the swamps and rough spots, and even along side hills. The wooden skids had long since rotted away, leaving the swamps, rocks and side hills for us to cope with as we might.

Bad as it was, I knew our winch-equipped Jeep could make it if we could blow out a few rocks. Cliff Carbury, who had driven our team last year, promised to help with that last detail. He told me to get a dozen sticks of

forty percent dynamite, with fuse and caps.

Jeanne and I didn't know it, but when we set forth on the last leg of our journey, early on a gray October Saturday, we had already made our first serious mistake. We were so excited about the prospect of "driving right to camp" that we had over-loaded the trailer. We had our food and duffel, and everything we needed, plus quite a lot of stuff we didn't, including some nice pine boards I thought might come in handy around camp, and a battery-powered electric fence, intended to keep bears away from venison.

The Jeep itself was packed to the roof with us, our bows and arrows, two pack baskets of supplies for the first days in camp, three five-gallon cans of gasoline, and a box of dynamite. Plus a double-bitted axe, an eight-pound sledge hammer, one pick, two shovels, a crow bar, a pick-mattock, two snatch blocks, a peavey, cant hook, three log chains, a mud bucket, miscellaneous hand tools, a box of spikes, several cans of oil and a box of blasting caps. As Cliff put it, we were loaded for bear.

When we reached the end of the Draper Corporation's good sand road, we got out to look around. This had been a loading point, where the logs were assembled to be trucked to the mill in Tupper Lake. Tractors had hauled in logs from all directions, then turned around and gone back for more, turning an area of several acres of moist forest earth into a gargantuan hog-wallow. We had to cross right through the middle of it.

Here I committed serious error number two by trying to cross that greasy mess without tire chains. Soon as we hit an up grade we stuck, and from there on we had to winch. Even with the winch, the load in the trailer pulled us sideways down every slope. We slid toward a stump. I tried to steer around it, against the pull of the winch, and that was mistake number three. The next thing I knew the Jeep was on its side, and I was at the bottom of the pile of tools, gas cans, and everything else that was in the Jeep. Jeanne, wisely, had elected to walk, so she was not in the pile.

The engine stalled as we went over, and I cut the switch. Then I popped out of that Jeep like a jack-in-the-box and hollered at Jeanne, who had walked ahead into the woods with her bow. Then I started slinging out the load.

We worked like mad, as oil was oozing out of somewhere, and acid was dripping out of the battery. I found out later that some of it dripped on my pants. Luckily the gas tank was on top, so we weren't losing gasoline.

I tore the tie-down rope off the trailer and improvised a tackle between Jeep frame and a convenient tree, using the snatch blocks. But even with this multiplication our combined strength was not enough to pull the Jeep upright again. We could only wiggle it a little.

A long spruce pry under the downhill side, with Jeanne sitting on the end

of it, was not much more effective. The winch cable, taut as a bowstring, was holding us down against the stump. It's impossible to release that winch while there's a load on it. And we were a long, long way from help.

Ignorance, they say, is bliss. In this case, however, it turned out to be a pain in the neck, for we wasted two hours and an unconscionable amount of energy before it occurred to my feeble wit to try starting the engine again. For some reason I had assumed it wouldn't run in that recumbent position.

It did start, however, with a roar. With the engine going I could back off on the winch. Then it was a simple matter to pull the Jeep back on its tires.

After that we didn't try to winch at an angle. We put the tire chains on, and got through the rest of that mudhole without much trouble.

Except we didn't repack the Jeep until we got out of the mud, and by then we had to carry all our stuff about a hundred yards. The road was much too bad to think of driving back for it. We toted it piece by piece, by hand.

"Oh well," Jeanne sighed resignedly, "exercise is one of the things we come for."

The next half-mile or so was bad, cut up as it was by the terrible cats. It was a relief, finally, to slide down a bank into the tote road in the old cutting, where it was fairly level going. As I still couldn't navigate, however, in anything but low low, Jeanne had no trouble keeping ahead of the Jeep on foot.

Late in the afternoon we parked the Jeep, shouldered our packs, and walked the remaining mile to Big Six, where we still faced the job of opening our decrepit log cabin and getting it ready to live in again after a year's vacancy. We pitched in at once, glad that years of practice and planning had reduced the process to a simple operation, for we had about had it for that day. Within an hour the major chores were done, water was running in the sink, our bunk was made, and a thick steak was broiling on the coals of a hemlock bark fire in the old stone fireplace. We were asleep almost before we had dried the dishes.

I unhooked the trailer next morning, just after daybreak, and went to get Cliff. It was a lot easier driving out without the trailer, but on the way back we got stuck in the hog-wallow again, in spite of tire chains.

When I started the winch it came apart, and sprocket and chain went flying into the mud. I found all the pieces, however, and spent the next half-hour lying on my back in the thick mud, fitting together that greasy mechanical Chinese puzzle while Cliff made encouraging remarks from the side lines.

Cliff had turned seven shades of white when I told him the caps were still in the car. I had packed them carefully in the "glove compartment"—an old fishing creel strapped to the dashboard.

"Those are bad medicine, chum," he



made no objection to that, although it was somewhat of a shock to observe that he preferred to carry them on foot. "I'd just as soon not ride with these," he said, patting the shirt pocket where he had carefully placed the box of caps. "Not on this road, anyway."

We left the Jeep where I had parked the trailer, and carried our blasting equipment down the steep bank of the creek. The road made a hairpin turn at the top and angled down at a pitch of about forty-five degrees. It had been dug into the bank, originally, so that in cross section it had been level, but years of erosion had begun to restore the natural slope of the hill and the roadbed now was canted dangerously to the left.

Where there had once been a bridge, the road now dropped abruptly into the stream. The creek bed itself was sandy, and looked firm, but the far bank, while not as steep as the near side, appeared soft and muddy. There was a deep and unavoidable hole on the upstream side of the ford that would make for awkward driving, but I figured that if I could keep the Jeep and trailer from slithering sideways off the dugway, and if I could keep from stalling the engine in the water, we could make it with the winch. If I let the engine stall in the creek we'd be in a hell of a fix, so I decided to disconnect the fan belt, to keep from splashing water over the engine.

We laid some poles on each side of the ford, parallel to the stream bank, to reduce the angle of approach and to improve the footing on the muddy bank.

Just beyond the crossing two granite boulders completely blocked our way.

"Couple of sticks each will take care of those babies," Cliff said.

He showed me how to punch a hole in the end of the dynamite with a pointed wooden stick, and how to crimp the cap on the end of the fuse. Then he sent me to the creek for mud, while he prepared the other charge.

"Don't get it too wet," he cautioned. "Just so it'll pack good."

When we had capped both charges, Cliff showed me how to split the end of the fuse so it would light easy. He lit one fuse and I lit the other. We took off in different directions.

Pretty soon came a terrible boom, and I hurried back to see what kind of a roadway we'd opened up. Cliff was look-ink doleful, and the rocks were still there.

A second, bigger charge knocked off a few pieces, and cracked the first rock enough so we could chip off one corner and part of the top with maul and crowbar. It was dog-gone tough work, but we lowered it enough so, if I aimed right, I should be able to squeeze the Jeep past it. The second rock didn't yield to the treatment, so Cliff gouged a hole under it with the bar, and we tamped in three sticks of dynamite. That blew the rock out, all right, but it also left a big hole in the road, which had to be filled.

By the time we got rid of a couple more boulders I could see I hadn't brought enough dynamite. Cliff, who had estimated our requirements, was obviously embarrassed, as I'd brought twice what he'd told me to.

"You'll be thinking I don't know anything about this business, he remarked wryly. "I've blown a lot of granite, but I never seen anything as hard as this."

I could tell Cliff knew what he was doing by the way he handled the stuff, real slow and gentle, as if he were handling a baby. I was also disappointed in the results. I had to admit, though, I'd never seen anything like that granite either. It was of the consistency of iron.

"You know, chum," Cliff went on, "it would have been better if you'd brought sixty percent, instead of this forty."

We skipped all but the worst rocks. When we had a clear path to the top of the far bank I went back for the Jeep and trailer, and eased them down the bank into the creek. We got stuck, as expected, but the winch pulled us out, and I was able to twist the rig through the hole we had blasted, and up the far side. It was a struggle going up, as the trailer kept sliding sideways down the bank, and I had to steer diagonally to the road to stay on it.

We had kept a few sticks of dynamite for the next valley, where I knew we'd need it. As it turned out, the last stick blew the top off the last rock that absolutely had to come out if we were to succeed.

We had progressed only a quarter of a mile, but I had to take Cliff back to Confer, as the day was over. It was long after dark when I returned to Big Six, tired and discouraged. I had planned to drive to camp that day—an event, I could see now, was a long way off.

Actually, it was five more back-breaking days before we got that rig to

trees, sawed logs, built bridges, corduroyed swamps, and busted rocks. I also tore the spare tire off the Jeep, as well as both steps, and knocked the top all out of kilter against a tree. It was rough going.

We had to make a couple of trips with pack-baskets to replenish our grocery supply and to get freezables under cover. The worst thing about it was that we were not doing much hunting.

I had become obsessed with the problem of getting that Jeep to camp, and I couldn't rest until it was accomplished. I'd start off in the morning with my bow, enroute to wherever I'd left the Jeep the night before, but my heart was not in hunting. By nine o'clock or so I'd be back at work.

I was not sleeping well either. I had far underestimated the difficulty involved in that cross-country drive, and I was getting worried, as well as over tired physically. I began to visualize getting permanently stuck, or having the Jeep break down, or fail to start, and I'd lie awake at night driving endlessly, retracing the road which by now I knew inch by inch. What would I do if the winch quit working, or the battery went dead? It just wasn't conducive to good hunting, and I cast many a nostalgic thought back to the simple, easy days when we used horses.

Finally, late one drizzly afternoon, we passed the big rock on the hill above camp, and I drove down past the new peeled-spruce privy, past the woodpiles, and into the Big Six dooryard, while Jeanne recorded it all dutifully on film. That night we had what at Big Six we call a "Tid-re-eye"—a celebration where instead of one ounce of whisky before supper we get two. Such reveling is generally reserved to commemorate success in hunting, but we felt we had it coming.

Next morning we went hunting. Turned out to be a heck of a good hunting day, too, unusual for October. It had rained most of the night, and it drizzled intermittently all day. Not hard, just enough to keep things soft and dripping, and there was a breeze. Obviously a day for East Dog, our biggest, and my favorite, mountain. I agreed to meet Jeanne near the upper falls about noon, and took off on a circuitous route in that direction.

We often plan our hunts this way. I leave camp early, and take a round-about route, while Jeanne departs later, proceeding more directly to a pre-

from standing around on one foot while she gets ready to go hunting, and thus keeps peace in the family. She doesn't have to hurry, and I don't have to wait.

This fine blustry morning I hunted east about half a mile before I turned south toward the big mountain. Shortly after I crossed the Big Creek I noticed where a buck had hooked a sapling, and from the freshness of the tracks I wondered if I hadn't started him. I was so intent on the tracks I didn't see him standing a few yards away till he let out a snort and bounded off.

He stopped about sixty yards away, and I let one fly at him. It was an idle gesture, for he was gone before the arrow was half way there. It was short, anyway. He kept blowing at me until he was half way up Berkeley Mountain.

"Must be a young fella," I said to myself. "The old boys don't make so much racket."

While I was sharpening that arrow, I gave myself a severe lecture on how a good still hunter looks for deer first, and at tracks afterwards. The hunt was too young, however, to feel bad about it.

A little farther along, a doe sauntered across my path, paused to nibble a bud or two, and passed on. I drew, and held on the spot, but I didn't shoot. I wasn't eager for a doe this early in the game, particularly in this Adirondack country where bow hunters are sometimes opprobriously referred to as "doe-hunters."

There was so much good hunting between me and the falls, and I had so much fun poking around knolls and ridges looking at tracks that I was late getting to the meeting place. Jeanne already had a nice fire going by the time I got there, and was eating her lunch.

After I had eaten mine, and dried out a bit, we decided to hunt together up the main ridge of East Dog. The rain had stopped, but there was still enough breeze so we could move around with some chance of not being detected. It was blowing diagonally across our front as we moved up the broad shoulder of the mountain, skirting jumbles of granite boulders and patches of windfall left by Hazel and the 1950 hurricane. We kept to the lee side of the ridge, where we could keep an eye on the broad hardwood slope to our left, while focusing most of our attention on the top of the ridge, where the tangle of briars,

of the second hummock, and pick a spot where she could observe the upper end of the runway, and wait. "Won't take you ten minutes," I said. "If it's that close, you better take me. Then you won't be giving me the devil for not being where the deer went." Electing not to argue with that logic, I led the way. The wind had deserted us now, and suddenly there was fog. Slowly, silently, we picked our way to the top of the submarine-shaped hummock, and stood in the precise spot where I had shot the buck. He had stood on the second hummock, which now, shrowded in mist, looked farther away than it was. Suddenly Jeanne grabbed my arm, and at the same instant I saw the deer. "Look!" she whispered. "There at the end of the ridge!" The nebulous form turned, and then for an instant was transformed into the most magnificent buck I have ever seen. We caught one glimpse of wide-spread, massive antlers as the immense animal stood there, almost defiantly, his gray old face intent upon us. Then, like a ghost, he was gone. Jeanne and I exhaled simultaneously, and for a moment we stood speechless. When I recovered my breath I said several things, including a vehemently whispered "Holy Smokes!" "Never in my life," I said, "have I seen anything like that." "He must have been magnified by the fog," said Jeanne. That was, I suppose, in part the truth, but when we found his tracks they confirmed the fact that we had indeed seen a colossal deer. They led down Two Buck Runway. We found evidence, too, that we had stumbled on one of his favorite hang-outs. We found his beds, or so we presumed, along both of the parallel cigar-shaped hummocks, and in the windfall below the head of the runway. The whole area was dotted with pawing beds, with here and there a horn-scraped sapling, and one that he had fought to shreds. Forgetting our projected drive, we followed him down the runway. At the bottom he had turned briefly to the north, down the ledges, avoiding a steep, rocky slope to the left. Then he had circled to the west and south, and on

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● Continued on page thirty-four.



IT WAS ROUGH GOING . . .



WITH COUNTLESS DETOURS AROUND MUD HOLES . . .



BUT WE FINALLY MADE IT TO BIG SIX.



WE CUT POLES AND BUILT BRIDGES. THIS ONE IS A 26-FOOTER.



SOME BIG TIMBER HAD FALLEN AND THE CHAIN SAW CAME IN HANDY TO CLEAR A PATH.



WE BUILT CORDUROY ROADS ACROSS SWAMPS. NO VERY SMOOTH, BUT KEPT US FROM MIRING.





#### OFFICERS:

JIM KINNEE, President  
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ARNOLD O. HAUGEN, Vice-President  
964 Lakeview Drive, Auburn, Alabama  
JOHN L. YOUNT, Secretary-Treasurer  
Post Office Box 338, Redlands, California  
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G-4221 Springfield St., Flint, Michigan

**Northwestern**  
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1500 Maple, Albany, Oregon

**Southwestern**  
ROY HOFF  
Post Office Box H, Palm Springs, California

**You Will Be Proud to Be a Member of NATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY ASSOCIATION**  
The National Field Archery Association (N.F.A.A.) is your organization. It belongs to all the field archers and bowmen hunters of America. As a member you belong to an organization fostering the oldest sport in the world. Membership, \$1.00 per person. For \$3.00 (U.S.A.) you secure a year's membership in the N.F.A.A. and a year's subscription to Archery Magazine in Canada, add 25c extra; for foreign, 50c extra for the magazine.

By JOHN L. YOUNT  
Secretary-Treasurer

#### N.F.A.A. HUNTERS SET NEW RECORD

As you have all heard over and over again, the N.F.A.A. was organized in 1939, primarily as a bow hunter's organization. By 1941 we had a membership of 525. This was the first year for the Art Young award and there were 11 winners. By 1942 we had grown to an organization of 906 members and that year there were 17 Art Young award winners, and strange as it may sound, we were thrilled to know that our members had accounted for so much big game even though a little mathematics will show that only 2% were getting game. Compare this with 1954 when our 14,000 members accounted for 705 big game kills. Something had raised the percentage of success from 2% to 5%. Not only that, but back in 1941 and 1942 we were definitely a bow hunter's organization. By 1954 some were accusing us of being interested only in competition. Now in 1955 we have an even higher success ration for our 15,800

#### IF YOU ARE MOVING

Please inform us immediately,  
giving OLD and NEW addresses.  
BOX H - PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.

788 kills. This is about 5%, but it's only the 19th day of January and there will probably be an additional 200 kills reported. There is only one way to account for this improvement and that is greater shooting skill. Some may argue that the real reason is new game laws, and incidentally the N.F.A.A. helped to get them, but the fact remains that the over-all picture shows the percentage of kill by all archers remains right where it was in 1942. It is only the N.F.A.A. membership report that shows this progress.

The old time archer talked a whale of a game, but in most instances wasn't too much of a shot. Today's lone wolf archer does the same, while the N.F.A.A. archer learns to shoot on a field course, and while some may not be the hunters that the old timer was, others are just as good and maybe better. All are a lot more apt to connect when they do get a shot.

In the foregoing figures I have in all instances compared the amount of game taken with the total membership in the N.F.A.A. When you stop to consider that fully one-half of our organization is women, children, and men who, for one reason or another, did not go hunting during this particular season, you have changed that 5% to 10% or 12%, and for 1955 probably more, while the percentage of the untrained hunter still remains at 2% or 3%. Furthermore, there is no question but what this improvement in shooting ability has not only resulted in more game being taken, but also in fewer wounded animals.

#### ARCHERY SCHOOLS GOING GOOD

A great deal of interest has been shown in the recently announced archery schools, but there is still a large number of clubs that haven't ordered their supplies. We feel that it is very important that they do so even though they feel that they already have all the members they need or that they can easily add to their membership without going to the work of starting a school.

Owing to archery on TV and in magazines there has been a sudden and very great increase in the number of junior archers. To these boys a bow is just a toy and the parents have pretty much the same idea, consequently I receive letters from club after club bewailing the fact that the careless actions of these youngsters is just about to result in the outlawing of bows in their territory.

There is just one way to fight this problem and that is by education. Get these youngsters and their parents to an archery school and teach them safety while you are teaching them to shoot. Surely the future of your sport is worth that much effort.

#### BIG GAME

For the first time the N.F.A.A. has given two Big Game awards for a single kill. Paul S. Jordan and Richard Compton of Lucasville, Ohio both shot a deer at exactly the same time. Both arrows struck the back shoulder at the same time and made complete penetration. The arrows were reported as less than 1/8" apart. This is something that would happen once in a lifetime and it was either a case of give

two. An interesting sidelight is that the same two men tied in the Ohio Carp Derby. Each shot a 26-lb. 36" carp. (Editor's note—The story of this remarkable kill was entered in, and won a place, in our Prize Story Contest. Watch for it in the near future. The title is: "Big Buck Died On His Feet.")

#### FIELD ROUND SHOOTING POSITION

N.F.A.A. rules plainly state that all contestants must stand back of the shooting line. In spite of this, an occasional target archer tries to convince all present that the proper rule allows the archer to straddle the line. That is a target archery rule and has nothing to do with field archery. We shoot the specified distance, not just part of it.

#### ARAB ARCHERY

Does anybody have a copy of "Arab Archery" by Harris and Elmer that they would like to sell? If so, write us and state price. We need two copies.

#### APPOINTED BOARD OF FIELD GOVERNOR'S REPRESENTATIVES

The following have been appointed by our President to serve as representatives on the Board of Field Governors for the N.F.A.A.:

ALASKA: O. R. (Wally) Wolford, Box 93, Mt. View, Alaska.  
BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vern Craig, 3265 West 12th Ave., Vancouver 8, B. C.  
ONTARIO: Les Dunsdon, 18 Hamilton Ave., Ontario.  
SASKATCHEWAN: Claude Burrows, 2 Banner Bldg., Regina, Saskatchewan.  
HAWAII: Lcdr. R. S. Ewing, 228 Plantation Dr., Honolulu 18, T.H.  
KANSAS: Dr. A. G. Stone, Box 467, Herington, Kansas.  
Mississippi: George R. Ratliff, 817 Alvarado St., Jackson, Miss.  
SOUTH CAROLINA: Jim Davis, Box 662, Conway, S. C.

#### BIG GAME REPORT

BEAR: Glen Johnson, Racine, Wis.; E. J. Olson, Racine, Wis.; Clifford Wiseman, Mountinside, N. J.  
CROCODILE: Wolfram R. Moeckel, Caracas, Venezuela (2 crocodiles).  
JAVELINA OR WILD HOG: Bob Bilbro, Bozeman, Mont.; Jim Petty, Sanderson, Texas (2 javelinas); Ron Bush, Harbord, Australia (7 wild hogs); L. R. Baker, Sydney, Australia (5 wild hogs); Bill Caldwell, Alpine, Texas; Charles W. Ebersole, Jacksonville, Fla.  
MOOSE: Dr. R. S. Congdon, Wenatchee, Wash.  
TURKEY: Rodolfo Nicolas, Bayside, Va.; Dan W. Hatchett, Niceville, Fla.  
WALLABY: Ron Bush, Harbord, Aust.  
WILD GOAT: Dr. R. S. Congdon, Wenatchee, Wash.  
WOLF: J. S. Ferguson, Marion, Ohio.

#### DEER:

California—Warren A. Salmon, Duarte; Bill Dorman, San Fernando; Wally Morrow, Gardena; Michael Glick, Santa Monica; Ben Yeakey, Susanville.  
Connecticut—Alfred H. Emerito, Sanbury; John Cavallaro, New Haven.  
Florida—Homer W. Whitten, Pensacola; Dan W. Hatchett, Niceville.  
Idaho—J. Keith Johnson, Buhl; Don Rosenvall, Boise.  
Georgia—S. R. Reams, Atlanta; Homer L. Becker, Decatur.  
Illinois—Lowell Phipps, Clare; Ronald Bergsten, DeKalb; Orville R. Reed, Kankakee; James H. Garthe, Chicago; Hilbert E. Troeger, Sycamore; Duke Adams, McHenry; C. E. Hille, Jr., Freeport (2 deer); Toivo V. Rae, Cortland; Oliver M. Troeger, Chicago.  
Indiana—Harold L. Larson, Hobart;

sey, Mitchell.  
Iowa—Duane Allen, Waterloo; Clair L. Ritter, Waterloo; Max E. Smith, Ottomwa; Everett L. Parson, Chariton.  
Kentucky—H. H. Schneidman, Jr., Paducah; James A. King, La Grange.  
Maryland—Ernest M. Tyndall, Ocean City; Vernon Bauer, White Marsh; Donald H. Wilson, Jr., Baltimore; George D. Rogers, Aberdeen; G. A. Gustafson, Aberdeen.  
Massachusetts—William A. Harvey, Reading; Dr. Edward Baldwin, Springfield.

Michigan—Francis C. Zitka, East Jordan; Edward Machese, Oak Park; Henry F. Flippo, Inkster; Lawrence A. Ryel, St. Helen; John Lamphear, Grand Rapids; Walter G. Bush, St. Clair Shores; Avery Love, White Cloud; Fred Wm. House, Detroit; Robert L. Matteson, Jackson; George C. Masters, Dearborn; Andrea Glafcke, Muskegon; Earl Foutch, Mt. Pleasant; C. E. Patterson, Gaylord; Dick Argue, Detroit; Arthur Haapala, Traunik; Ivan E. Duprey, Muskegon; William H. Denbow, Benton Harbor; Robert R. Tippin, Temperance; Walter Pantol, Detroit; Ross Foutch, Jr., Mt. Pleasant; Bob D. Berridge, Midland; Floyd Barber, Allegan; Fred Wygal, Royal Oak; Arthur Hein, Grand Rapids; Ray H. Harvey, Grand Rapids; La Verne W. Van Glider, Clio.

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Missouri—Harold Beck, Moberly.  
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New Mexico—James A. Hayes, Silver City.

New York—Bruno E. Giunta, Niagara Falls; Loyal S. Wright, Jr.; Chazy; Richard T. Bleck, Geneva; John Volsko, Auburn; J. D. Nellis, Walton; Martin Kosich, Jr., Staten Island; Joseph E. Carter, Auburn; Michael Van Reenen, Rochester; Chester A. Miller, Berne; Leonard M. Richmond, Poughkeepsie; William R. McAdams, Oneonta; Donald E. Drake, Freeville; Mario Diamante, Schenectady; Joseph J. Mrowzinski, Corona; Ray C. New, Jr., Rochester; Ralph Hulbert, Upper Nyack; Charles Davis, Newark; Leonard DeFrancisco, Falconer; Ben F. Sisson, Unadilla; Robert W. Ranker, Staten Island; Edward Jensen, Ashville; Ken Westbrook, Trumansburg; John Koegl, Kenmore; William J. Webster, Poughkeepsie; Frank Travins, Schenectady.

North Carolina—Howard E. Furr, Salisbury.  
North Dakota—Lowell A. Olson, Sheldon; Harold C. Evert, Fargo; A. L. Afedst, Fargo; Roy V. Spiekermeier, Sheldon.

Ohio—Robert B. Gleisner, North Olmsted; Paul S. Jordan, Lucasville; Richard Compton, Lucasville; Joseph Shimko, Warren; Larry Calipetra, Rossford.  
Oklahoma—C. B. Benear, Tulsa; Charles S. Green, Lawton.  
Oregon—Ike Epperly, Eugene; Wesley Toevs, Dallas.

Pennsylvania—Eugene Maslar, Olyphant; John J. Mease, Pine Grove;

Getz, Levittown; Robert M. Durst, Waynesboro; Joseph B. Fite, Jr., Philadelphia; Pearl A. Barron, Northampton; Archie R. Kalkbrenner, Centerville; Joe Barovich, Sharpsville; Eugene J. Maslar, Olyphant; Paul F. ShROUT, Titusville.  
Rhode Island—George Sorel, Central Falls.  
South Dakota—Chester Wohlhueter, Rapid City; Donald Grimes, Pierre; Joseph J. Wheeler, Huron.  
Texas—Charles A. Robbins, Laredo.  
Utah—Leonard C. Madsen, Provo; F. Parley Johnson, Salt Lake City.  
Vermont—Guy Maynard, Arlington; Alden L. Jackman, Brattleboro; Pearl C. Stark, Bartonville; Fred L. Carpenter, Brattleboro.

Virginia—Norman M. Ashburn, Portsmouth (2 deer); John E. Nickels, Pennington Gap; McKelden Smith, Staunton; A. G. Nye, Jr., McLean (2 deer); James H. Lackie, Cincoteague; Rodolfo Nicolas, Bayside; Lt. Col. R. J. Mays, Ft. Lee; Vernon Ruther, Springfield; George G. Bolling, Norton; Preston B. Hundley, Lynchburg.

Washington—Wayne P. Springsteen, Richland; Carl J. W. Burke, Port Orchard; George H. Garrison, Renton; Hal Manos, Spokane; Dale K. Marcy, Yakima; Kit C. Weaver, Sumner.  
West Virginia—Paul E. Hilleary, Hillsboro.

Wisconsin—Marvin Jefferson, Sr., Green Bay; Lloyd Erdman, Racine (2 deer); Guy Wells, Racine; Roland C. Zuelsdorf, Horicon; Paul Yankech, Racine; Maurice Sterba, Elroy; E. J. Olson, Racine (2 deer); Glen Johnson, Racine; Ben Rens, Jr., Waupun (2 deer).  
Wyoming—Rob Roy Logan, Rawlins; O. O. Scully, Casper.

#### 20 PINS

(Instinctive)  
35 Yards, 4 position—Jess Keesling, Dowling, Mich.  
40 Yards—Don Hale, Wayne, Mich.  
45 Yards—Bill Terrian, Detroit, Mich.  
55 Yards—Lloyd Van Boven, Elyria, O.  
No yardage given—A. Scott Gunn, Jr., San Francisco, Calif.; Ray Ramey, Ann Arbor, Mich.

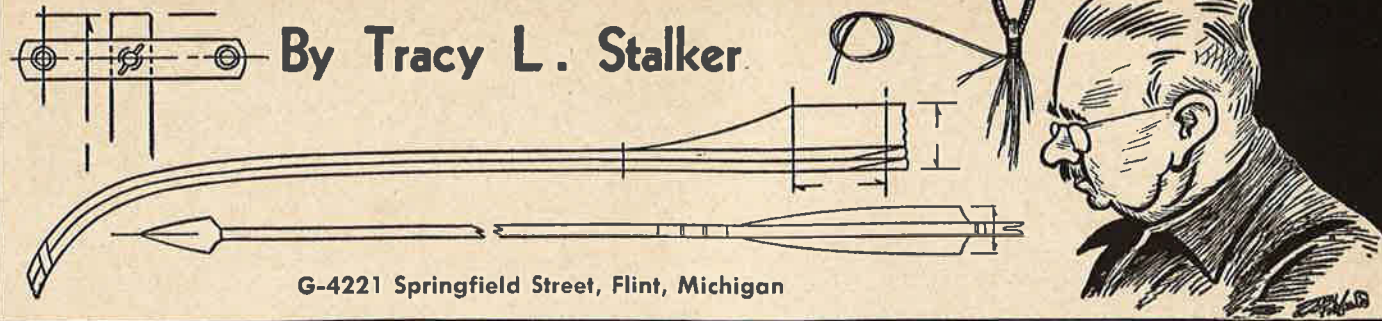


SHENANGO VALLEY ARCHERY CLUB'S 1956 OFFICERS: (Standing) Frank Dubay, Director; Paul Jacobson, Treasurer; John Beader, Secretary-Treasurer; Stan Novak, Director; Al Costar, Secretary; Mike Adderty, President; Joe Barovich, Vice President.



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By Tracy L. Stalker



G-4221 Springfield Street, Flint, Michigan

(Editor's Note—The Stalkers are on vacation in Florida and therefore answers to your questions may be delayed. Mail will be forwarded to them, however, and Tracy will answer your questions as rapidly as possible.)

## ARROW CRESTER

There have been several requests lately for plans for a crester. It is difficult to give this information because of the unavailability of suitable motors. One source is Montgomery Ward & Co. They list an electric fan for \$4.75, the motor of which can be removed and used on the home-made crester, illustrated in the accompanying sketch.

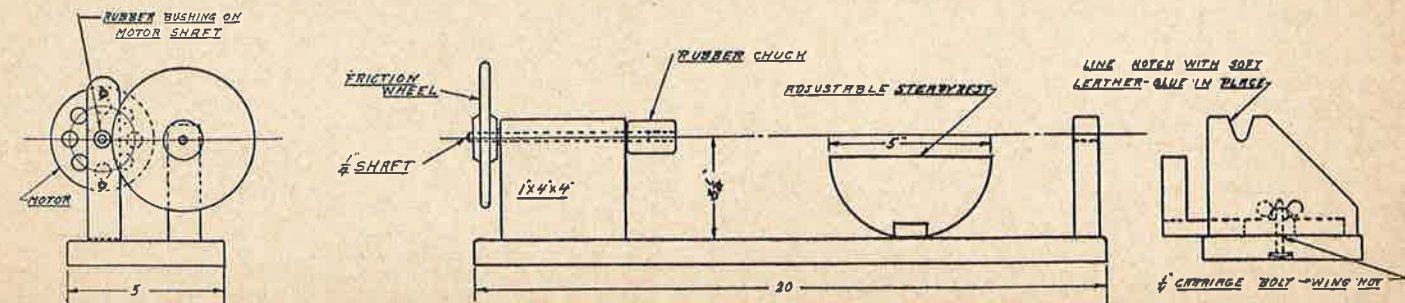
Most of the motors sold by the salvage supply houses are too high speed to be readily adaptable. If you make the small rubber friction driving bushing as small as the shaft will permit, it is sometimes possible to get the necessary speed reduction from one of these high speed motors by using a larger friction wheel on the end of the machine.

The speed of the shaft being crested should be between 150 and 300 r.p.m. The rule for finding the size of this wheel, providing the speed of the motor is known, is as follows: Multiply the speed of the driving bushing by its diameter and divide by the speed of the large friction wheel. In the case of the crester illustrated the motor speed is 1600 r.p.m. and the diameter of the rubber bushing is 1/2". 200 r.p.m. was the wanted speed of the machine.

$\frac{1}{2} \times 1600 = 800$   
 $\frac{800}{200} = 4$  the diameter of the friction wheel.

The machine was made as simple as possible for the benefit of those whose equipment is limited. The base is a piece of 3/4" plywood, 5" x 20". At one end of this is attached a block of hard wood, 1" x 4" x 4" to form a bearing for the shaft. The 1/4" hole drilled through this block for the shaft should be large enough so that the shaft can turn easily. If a piece of 1/4" rod is heated to a dull red and then passed quickly through the hole, it will usually enlarge it about right. A couple of oil holes should be drilled in the top.

To make the friction wheel, saw out



# ROVING A-ROUND



By JIM KINNEE

PRESIDENT, NATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY ASSOCIATION

962 North 39th Street - Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

One week to go in the regular Wisconsin hunting season, and the best week at that, 'cause the bucks are starting to move. One week's vacation remaining after most of the season had gone by with time, it seemed, for everything else but hunting. What a grand and glorious feeling. Most of the boys either had their deer or had used up their spare time and we couldn't seem to find a partner who could spare another week in the north woods. Our good friend Walter Hesse gave us the key to his cabin at Found Lake in Vilas County so, what the devil, if the boys are tired of going along with someone who can't shoot, we'll go alone. It's gonna be kind of lonesome, but being in the woods for a week all alone might not hurt a guy at that.

There was about six inches of snow on the ground, but it was easy to push the car through the old sand road into Walter's place. It was cold, too, and the cabin didn't offer any welcome with its chilled rooms. A crackling fire soon fixed that. The evening was long and lonesome. Huh, big hunter, gonna spend a week hunting all alone in the woods and the first night can't get to sleep, too lonesome. There was a good article in a Coronet Magazine that Walter had left there that gave the necessary steps a wife should take to keep her husband from wandering. It was a long drive up from Milwaukee that day, but this dang writer almost had me going back to town that same night. Wish Walter would keep these civilized books back in town where they belong.

Some time during the very silence of the night, loneliness was taken over by sleep that was soon shattered by the blasted alarm clock. The cabin was again cold and one of life's miserable moments had to be suffered getting out of the sack. A peek out into the darkness with teeth chattering showed new snow, but very little. Come on Daniel, shake yourself and let's go out in the cold, wet bush and freeze. So, Bertha and I, that's our car, pushed about two miles down to Muskellunge River and I parked the old girl next to the bridge. This is good deer country and we've had some very good shootin' here the past several years. An old

logging trail, almost grown out of existence, with balsam and spruce, wound along the ridge on the east side of the river. It wasn't snowing any more, but there was enough of it to determine whether tracks were old or fresh. Hope that big baby that we missed last year is still around some place. He's the longest legged, smartest devil that ever roughed the bark off a tree.

The loggin' trail twisted around and dipped to follow the best contour of the small hills and it was best to approach each turn quietly. Funny, very few deer tracks, and old ones at that. Grey squirrels and a few prowling skunks got the snow cut up from the night before. Get your eyes off the ground and keep 'em out in the woods where they might see something! Who ever heard of shootin' a deer at your feet? Steady! Don't move! Down the slope to the right? Something must have moved, yet it's motionless. Eyes burning a hole through twigs and brush to try to find a pattern. Now I see him. He's looking straight at me over a log. It's a fox and a beauty. Shall we bring up the bow slowly or let one fly at him? Ain't no fox gonna take his eyes off you and go back to grazin' while you pick him off. Let him have it! Good shot! Well, anyway, that shaft went right through the void where the pretty face used to be. Let's go see. This critter was diggin' a new winter den behind these logs and brush. There's the arrow sticking out of the pile of new gravel that he hauled out of the hole. Sly old streak of greased lightning. There's his tracks bounding through the snow down the slope. Sorry, Ol' Man, the heavy snow is due in a week or so and now you'll have to dig in somewhere else. This was such a nice place, too, all hidden and private like. But, you would have looked so pretty around our fair lady's neck and if you'da come walkin' into me, 'stead a me walkin' into you, that's where you'd be.

This hunting business is difficult to understand. Just the sneakin' and snoopin' all day, trying to find some critter to fling an arrow at, puts everything out of a man's mind. But, along comes sunset and when you can't see any more, there's no place to go but back to the lonesome shack. It'll be a long, lonely night before the sun comes up again. Wish I had somebody to talk to. What's the use of missin' a fox if you can't tell anybody about it?

Saw six does today. Wonder where that long-legged buck is that roamed the east river ridge last year. Boy, it's lonesome in this shack. Wonder what the normal people are doing tonight. Tired though, and face burns from the wind all day.

Why can't they devise some system to wake up a guy like a blonde whispering in your ear, instead of the blasted racket that an alarm clock makes? Well, guess you can't have everything. Boy! Look at the snow outside. Maybe we'd better hunt a different section today? No? Just because they weren't moving yesterday doesn't mean there aren't deer on the river ridge. Wasted better than an hour helping Bertha through the snow out to the road, but she got down to the river in good time. There was too much snow on the hills so Bertha stayed on the ridge. When she pulled up and stopped, there were seven deer that walked across the road, leisurely flicking their tails. There wasn't a rack in the bunch and they crossed over into the area south of the road that the Conservation Department had posted as being closed.

The snow was fallin' soft and heavy and at least three inches had piled up over night. It was a beautiful sight to walk through the evergreens with their branches hanging heavy with snow, in the clear fresh air of the early morning. Another day and the same logging trail, but the picture had changed completely over night. In the first half-mile there were fresh deer tracks where the same herd of deer that crossed the road had crossed the logging trail several times. No tracks of a size to get excited about. Getting pretty much covered with snow and it might be a good idea to go back to the car and get the white ski parka so we don't stick out like a sore thumb against the white snow covered

• Continued on page forty.



# Roper's Release

By **LOWELL ROPER**

6307 Mountain Blvd., Oakland Calif.

One day, not long ago, two promising young toxophilites sauntered into Roper's Archery and Leather Shop, looking as though they had just received an advance on their weekly allowance. I estimate they were somewhere in the neighborhood of six and eight years old, and take it from me, that is quite a neighborhood. Their pockets were bulging with rocks, frogs, sling-shots, comic books and countless things which, when boiled down, have no earthly value except to help make a boy a boy. They wasted no time getting down to the business of asking questions: "What's that? How much does it cost? What does it do?" Before they were through, we had taken a complete inventory of our stock.

Hanging on a peg behind the show-cases was my own personal quiver, which is an elaborate affair with approximately forty hours of hand-carving and intricate dye work, silver trimmings, etc. I had a fancy handled hunting knife in the scabbard on the shoulder strap, which retails at all of a dollar ninety eight cents. I value the quiver at \$125.00. Of course, it caught their eye and their first question was, "How much?" When I told them, the youngest said, and I quote: "Gosh, I wouldn't give no hundred and twenty-five dollars for that, would you, Bob?" Bob's serious answer was, "Oh, I don't know! That's a purty good lookin' knife." End quote.

## FROM THE LAND OF ROBIN HOOD

Priceless rewards are mine, in the friendships of readers of my release, from all over the world. I only wish I could acknowledge them all here, but believe me, I cherish them, every one,



and some day I hope to ring your door bell.

One very long and interesting letter, with pictures and clippings, came from Nick Cranfield, of Broadstone Farm, Forest Row, Sussex, England. He tells of the interest created by field archery over there and I'm sure he is doing much to promote it, judging from the newspaper clippings and his letter.

Nick says that their chief quarry to hunt was the rabbit, but they were practically all exterminated by disease. There are a few foxes who haven't been notified there are no longer any rabbits. It doesn't appear that the bowman hunter's future is too bright. He says they have a few fallow deer and plenty of squirrels, but no member of the bow hunters has bagged a deer.

All the archers over there really drool as they read of the successful hunters in the U.S.A., as depicted in Archery Magazine, as well as all of the beautiful and unlimited supply of modern archery equipment available here, but unobtainable to them.

## PLUG FOR ARCHERY

In the December 17, 1955 issue of "Business Week," on page 159, you will see quite an interesting plug for archery. I wish I knew who was responsible for it, I would give them a plug in Archery Magazine. I think it was well written and very timely. Those of you who have access to Business Week may want to read it.

## STRING ALONG WITH ME --- OR BRACE UP

I suppose there will always be a need for a better way of doing things, and as long as more than one person is doing a specific chore, there will be more than one way of doing it.

In this day of modern bows, with some models as short as fifty-six inches, bracing a bow can be very dangerous. I know of several people who have inflicted painful injuries, and one who reduced his vision fifty percent, as the result of an accident incurred while bracing a bow.

I wonder how many of you know of someone who strained, to the point of rupture, while bracing a heavy bow. Now let us look at it from a feminine angle. Did you ever notice how many of the ladies are dependent on their husbands to string their bows? Take a look around at the next tournament. A friend of mine related to me that his wife used to practice shooting on their back yard range on sunny summer afternoons. He said he would brace her bow for her before he left for work in the morning, then unstring it when he came home at night.

They say "Necessity is the mother of invention." As a result, a man by the name of Allison Rowland, a retired railroad executive started dropping into my shop regularly. Before long we started building him a bow, which finished in at fifty-five pounds.



Now, Mr. Rowland is a mere 68 years young and, although he could shoot his new bow, he had one heck of a time bracing it.

Women don't seem to mind having someone else string their bows for them, but with a man, it's different, so Mr. Rowland started working on the bow-bracer which you see in the accompanying photographs. One illustration shows Bobby Hostettler, a young lady of the Redwood Bowmen of Oakland, who until she used the bow-bracer, could never brace her own bow. Now she does it with ease.

It is so simple that it's hard to believe, but using this simple device you can brace bows as much as 40 to 50 pounds heavier than by the old method. It is ideal for those of you who sweat and strain to get the string on your bow, and especially you ladies. Bowyers and archery dealers who brace an average of 25 to 50 bows each day, will find it a must.

You can probably make one for yourself from the illustrations shown. However, if you need more information, write to me and I will send it to you.

## GOLDEN ARROW

Let us give mercy with the same measure we would use to accept charity.

## HEARD ON THE RANGE

He who laughs last, is shooting a weak bow.

## California Bowmen To Hold Annual Meeting

By **NATE MORRISON**

Route 1, Box 166, Bakersfield, Calif.

The California Bowmen Hunters and Field Archers Association will hold their annual Board of Governors meeting at the Towne & Country Lodge, Highway 99 at Shields in Fresno on February 4th and 5th. The Saturday meeting will start at 10:00 a.m. and the Sunday meeting at 9:00. The meeting is open to all members of CBH&FA.

## IN ARIZONA

By **J. P. CLEMONS**

6203 N. 17th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona

Now that big game hunting throughout the United States has drawn to a close, hunters are making plans for the coming javelina season which will take place in Arizona on February 11th to the 27th inclusive. The bow hunters in particular are planning a most successful hunt because the Tucson Mountain Game Management Unit, located just west of Tucson, Arizona has been set aside for archers only. They will be allowed to take one javelina of either sex and as many predators as possible prior to the taking of a pig. No archer will be allowed in the field with a bow after his javelina has been taken. All big game in Arizona, with the exception of elk and big horn sheep, may now be taken with a bow having at least a 40-lb. pull and a minimum width 7/8" broadhead.

For the past two deer seasons this Game Management Unit has been open to bow hunters only. In 1954 one hundred and fifty-five archers participated and killed only five deer. Last fall the Tucson Mountain Area was again open for "any deer" and the results were most gratifying. Two hundred and forty bow hunters applied for permits, with twenty-three deer reported being taken for a 10% kill.

At the Big Game Meeting, held last June, the Arizona Game and Fish Commission unanimously voted to allow archers to take javelina with bow and arrow only, throughout the entire 50,000 acre Tucson Mountain Game Management Unit. This is the first time in the history of Arizona bow hunting that the archers have had a separate javelina area set aside for bow hunting only. It looks as though the archers should have a most successful hunt this year because the javelina herds, in the Game Management Unit, have never been hunted by riflemen or archers. According to the game technicians, more javelina have been observed, per square mile, in the Tucson Mountain Unit than in any other place in the state and it is necessary that they be thinned out. Almost every archer who hunted deer in this area last fall saw several herds of javelina and many could have been easily taken with bow and arrow.

Several out-of-state archers participated in the Arizona javelina hunt last year and, of course, now that the Tucson Mountain Unit has been set aside for archers only, it is anticipated that many more out-of-state bow hunters will again be attracted. The non-resident license and tag fee is only \$5.00 and can be purchased from any license dealer in the state. No special permits will be necessary. This entitles the archer to hunt anywhere in the state or in the special bow area if he so desires.

Hunting javelina in Arizona with bow and arrow is rapidly becoming an attractive sport for many out-of-state archers and several states were represented last year. The thing that seems to attract out-of-staters is the low cost license fee and the one big game animal that can not be hunted throughout the United States. Javelina are only found in Arizona, Texas, New Mexico and Old Mexico. Last year at 21.3% kill was taken by hunters in Arizona. Another attraction is the off-season hunting which goes along with the 70-80 degree weather that Arizona has to offer. Many hunters have realized that they can make their stay in Arizona a combination



Phil Clemons, President of Arizona Bow Hunters, invites all bow hunters to participate in the forthcoming javelina hunt, which opens February 11th. Above he demonstrates the kind of action you may expect. The cost of non-resident license is five dollars.

vacation and hunting trip all wrapped up into one package.

The average weight of these little porkers range between 35 to 50 lbs. and, contrary to most hunters belief, they are very good eating, especially if they are barbecued. Both the boar and the sow have a musk sac located on the back just above the hind quarters and should be removed immediately after a kill. This prevents the meat from becoming strong. The javelina has a strong odor, given off by the musk gland and would never be forgotten by the hunter once he comes in contact with the animal. You may find them feeding alone or in herds up to fifty, roaming the desert, but wherever you hunt don't overlook the wash areas and dry river beds because you may find them anywhere. These little porkers, because of their size, are a challenge to any hunter and particularly the archer. They stand about fifteen to eighteen inches in height and are around three feet in length and can run like the devil over the rough terrain of the desert. He is greyish-black in color and is armed with two lower tusks up to 2 inches in length and are sharp as a razor. This is one reason why we in Arizona have a lot of respect for this little critter. If wound, he is very likely to turn on you before you can blink an eyelash. These pigs thrive on several types of cactus, but their main source of food is the prickly pear cactus.

The javelina, in most cases, is a tough animal to hunt and it requires a great deal of patience with a minimum of noise. They have very poor eyesight, but their sense of smell and hearing is rated among the highest of big game. Many hunters become discouraged after a couple or three days of tramping the rough desert without seeing even a sign of a pig, then all of a sudden there they are, when you least expect it and it seems as though the whole mountain side has exploded when they take a notion to scatter. When the hair on the back of his neck stands up, then is the time to give him plenty of space to run, because this is a good indication

he is made and they are nothing to play around with.

He's a sporty little animal, this ugly javelina, and I can recommend him to any bow hunter right along with the antelope, deer or mountain lion. So, if you want a javelina big game award, an outstanding hunting trip and a vacation all wrapped up into one, Arizona is the place to be during the javelina hunting season.

## West Allis Bowmen To Shoot At Sports Show

By **DAN BREY**

2712 S. Burrell St., Milwaukee 7, Wis.

The West Allis Bowmen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin has been awarded the 1956 State Indoor Archery Tournament and will be held in conjunction with the Milwaukee Sentinel Sports Show. The sports show is held in the Milwaukee Sports Arena and Auditorium. The archery tournament has been allotted the Englemann Hall.

This show annually attracts over 100,000 persons in its nine-day show. The Sentinel gives all events in the show a good deal of ink and, together with their two TV stations, we very likely will receive some good publicity.

If this year's archery tournament is a success, we are almost sure of it being considered a part of the Sports Show and becoming an annual event.

The Sports Show runs from March 17 through March 25. We have been guaranteed the hall the 24th and 25th. However, due to Palm Sunday falling on the 25th, the Sentinel is going to try and move the hall date for the first week-end of March, the 17th and 18th. In the March issue of Archery we will give you some more dope on the tournament, together with the exact dates. In the meantime, if you wish further information, contact me at the above address.





**TIMBER!**

By ROY HOFF

A group of archers, up in Idaho, were having a gab-fest recently. Among the many things they discussed was an item published in a St. Louis sporting goods trade magazine, an excerpt of which reads: "Furthermore, success in deer hunting depends 80 percent on the person's skill in stalking, and only 20 percent upon his archery skill." After considerable argument pro and con and neither side winning out it was decided to put the question to an "authority." So they sent the clipping to us with the request that we clear up the matter for them.

We could hardly be considered an "authority" on this subject and we very much doubt that if it were debated anyone could win a clear cut victory on either side of the question. But it certainly is an interesting subject and we should like to offer our comments.

This question of which is the more important, successful stalking of game or accuracy in scoring a hit, is much like the old question, "Which came first—the chicken or the egg?" It's a cinch you can't have one without the other. Supposing you made the most successful stalk ever attempted and then muffed your shot. All that wonderful stalking ability would have gone for naught. On the other hand, you are the finest shot at running and standing game in the country, but when it comes to stalking, the game can hear, see and smell you a mile away and you never have a chance to draw a bow. Under such circumstances it wouldn't make much difference if you couldn't hit the broadside of a barn.

Chances are this is the way the argument went with the Idaho gang. But let's further discuss the matter from an over-all, nation-wide standpoint. There's one thing I can state factually, based on hunting experiences in areas from Michigan to California and from Idaho to Arizona, and that is the different methods of hunting. Take Michigan and Wisconsin, for instance. In the early fall, before the leaves, have fallen, it is practically impossible to stalk through the dense growth of their woods, even if you could walk as quietly as a cat, without the deer seeing you before you can get within bow shot. In these areas the successful hunters are those who plant themselves near a game trail, or build an artificial blind, and wait for the game to come to them. So, for these fellows, it would seem that success depends upon eighty percent accuracy and twenty percent stalking. Don't misunderstand me, as I do not mean to imply that all of Michigan and Wisconsin is so densely wooded that a successful stalk can not be made. I am referring to the northwoods, like up around Grayling, Michigan and in Vilas County, Wisconsin. A few years ago when we were hunting around Boulder Junction, Wisconsin, Roy Case's baliwick, we found the vegetation so dense that you couldn't see a road if you were twenty feet away from it.

When we hunted in Blaney Park, Michigan, with such well known hunters as A. J. Michelson, Fred Bear, Tom Imler, K. K. Knickerbocker, Walter Knoblock, et al, we observed that, with one exception, Nels Grumley, every bow hunter either made an artificial blind from which he did his hunting, or staked out near some game trail. The reason I can't tell you how Nels Grumley hunted is because he always went out by himself. I understand, however, from what I've heard from fellow bowmen, that Nels is one of the few who can successfully stalk through a dense swamp.

West where, in general, the terrain is more open. With the exception of hunting antelope in Wyoming, where a blind is almost an absolute necessity, I have yet to see anything resembling the blinds the boys build in the Midwest. To be sure, many Western hunters will ensconce themselves in natural blinds such as chaparral patches or small thickets, stay there an hour or so and if there's no action, move on to what appears to be a better spot. The general pattern of hunting followed by Western bowmen is to walk very slowly and quietly through the woods, stopping intermittently and sitting near a spring or a clearing.

Which brings us back to the question of what is more important, accuracy in shooting or ability to stalk? To me, the answer would be, fifty-fifty. First you have to find your game and then you have to hit it. If you fall down in either category you won't have anything to show for your efforts.

Most anyone, with the will to learn and the patience, can become a good stalker of wild game. But, to shoot well is a horse of a different color. There are a great many archers who have shot a bow for years but never have mastered the art of holding the bow and loosing the arrow, to consistently hit what they're aiming at. Then we have a sizeable group of hunters who are excellent shots on a field course or when it comes to busting stumps, but who can't shoot for sour apples when they spot some game. That's one of the main reasons why I don't have more trophies hanging on my den wall. What I need is a practice range that instead of simulating hunting conditions it would more closely resemble actual hunting conditions. About the only way this could be accomplished would be that every time I came upon a target I'd take some kind of a "pep pill" that would make my heart beat faster and stimulate my nervous system to the point where I'd get a bad case of the shakes from nervous excitement.

A few years ago, when I was shooting fairly well, I actually, on several occasions, emptied my quiver at standing deer, well within bow range. One of these occasions that I remember very vividly and which I can now see the funny side of, happened during a Utah hunting trip. We were hunting in Big Cottonwood Canyon in the Wasatch Range which borders Salt Lake City. On this particular day, Frieda had vehemently protested my desire to climb 10,000-foot mountains in search of deer, pointing out that there were just as many in the bottom of the canyon as on top. So, I left camp and begrudgingly followed the easy going of the canyon floor. After a mile or two I came on to a giant rock slide, near the top of which was a small grove of aspens. At first I made up my mind that I was not going to yield to temptation and climb up to them, but the more I thought about it the more convinced I became that it was an ideal place for some big bucks to bed down. It occurred to me that if I did make the climb, Frieda would catch me in the act and very likely would have a few select words to say about it. But, throwing caution to the winds, up I went. Picking my way carefully through this huge rock pile, I approached the aspen grove well under cover and, wearing gum-soled shoes made little, if any, noise. Rather than stalk through the grove I circled the edge. There were deer in there, for I could hear the crackle of dead twigs and leaves as they played hide and seek with me. I finally decided to walk right through the middle of the aspens and perhaps spook them out into the open on the far side. This plan worked perfectly. A buck and two does decided to give up their hiding place and when I got to the far side of the thicket there they were, about forty or fifty yards up the hillside staring curiously at me and apparently not disturbed at my presence. I loosed an arrow, one of seven I had taken along for luck, and it shattered on the rocks about twenty feet short. Another arrow followed the first, somewhat higher but still low. There was another shower of splinters and the deer left in a hurry for higher and safer ground.

After having muffed this opportunity I was faced with the long and more or less hazardous return trip down the rock slide with no hope of hunting on the way. So, I figured that as long as I was this high up the mountain side, a little higher wouldn't hurt and I could then skirt the rim rocks and hunt over to a nearby canyon and down it to the main canyon floor. I found the going too rough so gave up any thought of hunting and made my way through the slide, angling downward toward the canyon. Just as I reached the rim of the canyon, up jumped two bucks out of those rocks, and not more than ten feet in front of me. I quickly drew my arrow but before I could loose, up jumped two more bucks, just a few feet to the left of where the others had bedded down. So I changed my mind and decided to shoot at the second two. They were running straight away from me and down the canyon rim. I held over their backs, because they were traveling fast. I over estimated their speed and the arrow went over their backs. The second arrow was wide to the right, for they suddenly ducked into the rocks

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# THE BOW-HUNTER'S NIGHTMARE

By ARNOLD G. BESSETTE

4 Goldspink Avenue, Brandon, Vermont

Secretary, Vermont Bowmen

With wild anticipation, the entire state of Vermont awaited the arrival of the 1955 deer season, which would allow us to shoot deer of either sex south of a designated line which ran across the entire width of the state.

For weeks prior to the opening day, October 24th, we prepared for some very serious hunting and slowly gathered together a group of archers who wanted to hunt in our crowd. The day previous to D-day, Earl Bird and I took off for the town of Benson and scouted out the woods we intended to hunt and although a few deer were seen, there didn't seem to be too much sign, but just over the fence on posted land were all kinds of fresh sign. Now, how could those animals learn to read those posters? Very disappointed we decided to look over some other territory, but in passing the farm owned by Victor Hawkins, we spotted nine deer feeding in a newly seeded meadow—but the land was posted. What to do? Out came the old NFAA membership card and we very bravely confronted Mr. Hawkins with it. Well, knock me over backwards if he didn't come right out and tell us to go ahead and hunt it. He cautioned us about fences and gates and also requested that we take only does if possible. He very kindly told us where the deer fed, where the runways were, where they bedded down, and wished us good luck. We couldn't wait to get home to break the news to the rest of the gang and to call Uncle George in Ticonderoga and change the plans on where we were going to hunt.

Before the season was over, we found that merely by asking permission to hunt, we could travel over thousands of acres of land which has been very strictly posted for a good many years. One farmer informed us that he was very surprised that a deer could actually be taken by bow and arrow and I believe he enjoyed our success as much as we did.

Sleep came hard Sunday night and too many bleary eyes were seen around the breakfast table, but we were all game to the core. My wife, Franny, Jean Bird, Earl Bird, Bill Murray and I, went in our car with Cliff Smith and Danny Douglas going in theirs. We met Unc. at the Orwell Four Corners and with him were Howard Larock, Perry Clark and Joe Larock. By the way, Unc. is none other than George Trombley of Ticonderoga, New York and member of the Teepee Bowmen.

We all drove to the designated spot and immediately spotted two herds of deer feeding in the newly seeded meadow so we deployed in all directions to cut them off wherever they ran, but much to our dismay they sensed trouble and beat us into the woods, but they were still there and we intended to get a better look at them and at a closer range. We did, all day long, but most of them were in overdrive when they passed us and no such high speed gear has been manufactured to date that would compare with theirs. I spotted four deer crossing a piece of corn ground and started to circle them, but soon ran

into Franny then Jean and finally Earl who had the same intentions, but again they were real sharp-eyed and took off for higher ground. Earl and I beat it across the corn ground and crept up over the knoll and suddenly there they were about fifty yards away and ready to start rolling again. Earl was off to my right and was standing behind a bush and trying to get out from behind with the deer looking him full in the face. I let an arrow go at them, but fell short and again they were off. I ran to cut them off, but could only get an occasional glimpse of them in the woods and finally lost them. After cutting through a small swamp I broke out into the open again in a pasture and wow! there stood an old doe about 100 yards off and right away she started walking toward me. At about seventy yards she stopped and looked me over. Next thing I knew she said "Baa," so I Baa'ed right back at her and dog-gone if she didn't keep on coming toward me, but two little runt-sized fawns decided to play and they came tearing down beside her and, as she was suspicious anyway, their action put a crimp in my plan as she took off away from me and stopped behind a bush. Says I, "I'll never get a closer shot now," so I let an arrow go at about seventy yards and this one was really close, as the feathers brushed her belly as it passed under her. Well, talk about the flying red horse—she reared and she flew and I haven't seen a hair of her since. So I missed again—but it was fun.

About this time, my nerves were about to the disrupting point and I was pretty disgusted with myself, but I still didn't have a deer, so off again. I had just worked my way up over a ledge and was standing at the top of it gazing around when I spotted two deer off to my left, but at the same time I heard a deer running toward me. Well, bless my hide, if a little fawn didn't come tearing around a scrub pine and, leaning like a racehorse on a curve, it rounded another pine and off out of sight. I stood there scratching my head and laughing when I heard thumpety thump again. Oh no! Around the pine, again leaning more than ever, came my little pet and away he went. This was too much for me, so I just sat down and laughed loud and long and in doing so, scared the other two deer away. To hang with them.

After I got over my surprise, I headed through the pines to see what kind of a jamboree those animals were having, but there wasn't a movement or a sound when I broke into the open again, so I just poked along the ridge and around the point and in crossing the point, I spotted three deer trotting along above me and, knowing where they were headed, took off on a run to try and cut them off. I had to cross a fence, then drop down over a four-foot ledge, cross about thirty feet of ground, then drop down over an eight-foot ledge before I could get to the runway. I made it all right, but as I dropped down over the eight-foot ledge, I landed about six feet behind an big old doe that was sleeping

under an old tree top. Did you ever have a bomb explode in your face? Brother, she did!! I finally came to my senses and I was trying desperately to scramble back up that ledge. I don't know much about what happened to the old doe, but I know that I just stood there and watched the three deer I was trying to cut off run by me while I shivered and shook. Buck fever, ha! What's that stuff?

Soon after this episode, I heard Earl whistling, so I answered him and headed in his direction and, figuring he had made a hit, I hurried along. When I located him, he was standing near a pool of blood and soon informed me that he had made a good hit on a big doe. We waited around for about half an hour then slowly took to the trail. Since she was bleeding badly, we expected to find her before traveling very far. She broke off the remainder of the shaft immediately after being hit and Earl picked up about six inches of the arrow. From a distance of about fifteen yards, and shooting a 55-lb. bow, he had sunk the arrow behind the last rib. We slowly trailed her across the pasture, over the corn ground and into the swamp and then lost the trail. After spreading out and searching practically the entire swamp, we decided to wait a while and try it again.

We ran on to Franny and Bill and learned that Bill had pulled the biggest boner of the day. He and Franny stood in an open pasture and watched a medium size doe walk up to about 20 yards from him. As Franny was standing directly behind Bill, she couldn't get a clear shot at the deer and figured that Bill had everything in hand. He slowly raised his bow, took careful aim and let her go. "Thung," went the bow and Bill stared at the deer, waiting for it to drop, but she merely threw up her flag and ran to the edge of the woods, turned around and looked at them. Bill said, "what the heck happened?" - - - there at his feet lay his arrow. Seems he didn't have it nocked and when he released it, the arrow merely dropped to the ground.

We all went back to the car and had lunch, then drove over to the other side of the hill and set up our plan to drive this area. We spread out and went over the hill, all reaching the top at about the same time, but with Earl and Jean a little ahead of us. I noticed Earl motioning to us, so we dropped down and crept over to him and he showed us a deer feeding in a run below us. Change of plans and a new strategy were in order, so we set about it. Jean was to wait ten minutes, then get on the upwind side of the animal, while we stationed ourselves on the downwind side. We were all stationed when we noticed Jean break over the hill and start toward the deer. Anticipation arose immediately, you can be sure. I caught a flash of an arrow and watched it sail under the deer. He didn't move, so another arrow came arcing in and this time he broke straight at me. I let him come up to about thirty yards and then realized that my target





FRANNY REALLY UPSET THE BESSETTE HOUSEHOLD UNTIL - - -

ARNOLD BAGGED THIS FOUR-POINT TO EVEN THE SCORE

was darned small at that distance, with him running straight at me, but I touched one off anyway and watched my arrow pass neatly by his nose. It only turned him and sent him down the gauntlet path on which everyone was stationed. I watched Earl's arrow pass over his back, then another one pass by him. I caught myself in further anticipation as I saw him break directly toward Franny, who was posted behind a hemlock tree on the runway. He ran right up to her and suddenly changed ends in mid air and came down with a crash. Thinking he had seen her and tried to turn around and fell in doing so, I slammed another arrow in the bow in hopes of getting another shot, but he wasn't going anywhere. She had let drive at about ten feet and had hit the deer smack in the neck about six inches behind his head. Well, right then and there all the built up anxiety fell away and we all felt pretty good even though we had missed our shots; we at least had a deer in the party which turned out to be a 75-lb. buck. We very proudly laid him on the fender of our car and headed back to the old hunting area to look for Earl's deer.

We all spread out again and started through the swamp, but within a half hour, the dark clouds started rolling in and the wind commenced blowing in gales. Everyone rushed for the car but me and I was too determined to find that deer and not until it was too late did I realize the seriousness of the storm. I hurried out of the swamp and as I hit the old corn ground, the wind hit me, too. Then it started raining and, as I crossed the corn ground, the wind actually lifted me off my feet and it rained so hard I couldn't bear to keep my eyes open. I managed to reach a big maple tree, backed up to it and, keeping my eyes on the limbs above, rode out the storm. After that cloudburst, there was not a sign of our deer, even where we knew there had been

blood. We were all very sorry to lose this one and wished Earl had missed her.

We estimated that we had seen in the neighborhood of 50 deer during the day and on about 200 acres of land and woods. We were all pretty proud to bring Franny's little buck home and everyone in town came around to see a deer that was actually killed with a bow and arrow.

Then I started suffering—everybody started picking on me for letting the little woman get the jump on me (and I'm supposed to be a good deer-getter). Articles and pictures in the local papers built her up and run me down so, with grim determination, I made up my mind to do something about it. It happened before I expected it to, because on the following Thursday evening, Uncle George pulled in to spend the night. He did a little teasing and elbow twisting (???) (it didn't hurt at all) and I made up my mind to go with him. He told me about a large herd of deer he and Harold Swinyer had worked on that day and suggested we give them a try the next morning.

We left home about 8:00 a.m. and drove over to Benson. On the way over, we counted 69 deer feeding in pastures and meadows, but as we had made plans to meet at a certain place, we decided to continue on and try these other places later on in the day. When we came within view of the meadow, I nearly did a backward flip in Unc's Hudson, as there were about 35 deer in that 40-acre meadow which was knee deep with clover and alfalfa. That's for me, says I. We waited for the arrival of Harold Swinyer and Rev. Shippee. As soon as they got there we set up our plan with Harold and Unc acting as guides, because they knew the country. Harold and Rev. Shippee headed over the hill to take positions on certain runways, while Unc and I headed for our positions. We were very careful working our way to the edge of the meadow,

because we couldn't tell when some old doe might sound an alarm before we got in place. Unc made his position all right and I was slowly crawling toward a fence and nearly ready to slip under it when I noticed four deer on a knoll in front of us, just across an open neck of meadow. I was done crawling or even moving right then and there unless I wanted to disrupt our whole plan and, being about fifty yards from the edge of the meadow, I was royally burned up. Unless a deer happened to run my way, I would never get a shot, but still I couldn't move. I sat there and watched the four deer work down the knoll and out into the open meadow directly in front of Unc, and all the time I was stewing and fretting because he didn't shoot. Then, all at once, I saw this old buck raise his head and start cruising in closer to Unc. Ha ha, so that's what he's waiting for, says I. Still no shot. About this time I was ready for a dose of amphetel. Suddenly I heard his bow clatter and saw the deer scatter. Don't ask me what happened, I don't know, but I do know none of them went by me. I waited a while and crept down to where he was located and, after talking over the happenings, we decided to cross the open neck and peek over the knoll to see what was in the meadow on the other side. We had just stuck our heads over the top and looked around and dropped down again when old Joshua started tuning up his whistle. He was really sounding off with it, too. This fellow blew about six times in rapid fire fashion and I told Unc the deer definitely was a buck. I caught a flash in the brush in front of us and right off we both started moving slowly toward the point of the knoll. A scrub pine was in our path and, as Unc went to the right of it, I took to the left. Just as I stepped out from behind it, there stood "Old Man Buck" broadside to me. Up came old 55-lb. Parabow Hunter

• Continued on page thirty-eight.

## Report From Wichita Bow Hunters

By EARL H. PROCTOR

949 N. Vassar, Wichita 6, Kan.

Archery in the "Heart of America" has grown by leaps and bounds this year. Our bow hunters have increased from about 100 members last fall to our present membership now near 175 members ranging in age from 6 to 65.

We've had at least one shoot a month, with never less than 50 participating. The fourth Sunday of each month is reserved for our own club events. We always offer first and second place awards in each division for men, women, juniors and cadets. Ours is quite a family club of which we are proud.

We had several members try their deer hunting luck in various states this fall, with at least one lucky hunter. Gil Bartlett went all the way to Northern Ontario in Canada where he shot a 1250-lb. moose through the chest with a 51-lb. bow from 70 yards. Needless to say, Gil is the envy of the whole club.

In August we had our second annual 56-target shoot, with some 70 archers present. It was a one-day event which ended with many tired but pleased archers. Norman Benson retained his championship by winning both the broad-head round and the Expert A division titles. L. K. McCafferty was runner-up to Benson. Bessie Sorethumb of Tulsa, Oklahoma was champion of the women's division, with Isabel Cottingham, last year's winner, as runner-up.

In November we had a 14-target field round shoot, followed by a special ham and turkey novelty shoot. O. F. Mastalka won the turkey. Phillip Asper, our 7-year-old cadet, won the ham.

## Results of Oklahoma Archery Deer Season

By HAROLD SMOCK, JR.

2415 E. 36th Pl., Tulsa, Oklahoma

Garland Sivers of Tulsa had a bevy of firsts to his credit after shooting the first deer of the 1955 bow and arrow season. It was Sivers' first archery hunt, and he killed a 150-pound buck with his first shot.

Bob Benear also of Tulsa became the second archer to bag a deer during the season. It was an eight-point buck, weighing 80 pounds hog-dressed.

Larry Embry of Muskogee brought down the third deer, weighing 135 lbs. Larry's brother and father have each killed a deer in previous seasons.

Kenneth Thornton of Nowata made the fourth and final kill of the season, and a spectacular kill it was. Returning from camp, after their mid-morning coffee, Kenneth and his party were driving along a fire road to reach their stands. Kenneth sighted a deer some distance from the road. They stopped the car, strung the bows and walked the required distance from the road. Kenneth shot once and hit the 117-pound buck in the heart, killing it instantly. When the distance was stepped off, it was 135 long paces. This distance was checked and witnessed by Game and Fish personnel. Mr. Thornton had only been shooting a bow for about two months.

NATIONAL FIELD TOURNAMENT  
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.  
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ARCHERY February, 1956



WICHITA BOW HUNTER OFFICERS. Back row: Earl Proctor, past president; Bob Cottingham, treasurer; George Ward, field captain. Front row: L. K. McCafferty, president; Isabel Cottingham, secretary; Hollis Stabler, vice-president. • Photo by HAL POTTORF.



GARLAND SIVERS of Tulsa, Oklahoma checks his buck with Bill McCause, manager of Banfield's Frozen Food Locker Plant, for packaging and storage.



## Assn. Annual Meeting

By C. C. McKINNEY, O.D.  
Box 262, Salem, Indiana

The Indiana Field Archery Association met Sunday, January 8 with the officers of nearly all the clubs in the state, to set the dates and places of the district meets for the year 1956. There had been planned, before this meeting, to have four district meets, plus the state tournament, but when the smoke cleared, and the roll called, we found we had just double that number of clubs that wanted a district meet so, as a result, we now have eight district meets planned for this year. This is an increase of 100% over last year and we are very happy to have archery growing in Indiana at this rate. Every one at the meeting was eager to get the ball rolling for '56 and if this meeting was any thermometer of enthusiasm, our state meets this year will surpass any previous year in the history of archery in this Hoosier State.

Here are the dates and sites of coming tournaments:

February 26—Anderson.  
March 25—Lafayette.  
April 22—North Vernon.  
May 20—New Burg.  
June 24—Mitchell.  
July 22—Salem.

August 26—Greenfield.  
September 23—Bloomington.

All are 56-target events.  
The state championship will be held September 2-3, Labor Day week-end, at Crawfordsville.

As I said, we are real happy with the turnout and results of the meeting and hope the fever stays high throughout the coming year.

There was much discussion on various points during the meeting. The one thing that was brought out that caused more discussion than anything was the view on the handicap system of the NFAA and how best to incorporate it so it would work everywhere. The words handicap and classification were used erroneously during the discussion, but we finally came up with this decision: Each club would classify its own members and use the handicap system on a club level, but it would not be used in District or State tournaments. I, for one, still say that the final result should be that everyone is classified and before he or she starts to shoot in any tournament will declare his class and compete only in that class. Sure it is going to be difficult to get it started, but everything has to start somehow and club level is the very best starting point. I know there are many pros and cons about this, but everyone is entitled to their own opinion.

The deer season in Indiana was also discussed quite a bit. We feel that the bow hunters will get a real break in the state this year. Last year we had 30 days (buck only) in Tippecanoe State Park and this year we hope to get 30 days in two or three parks and open it to deer of either sex. We will meet in May and again in August or September with the Conservation Department to set the type and length of season, so here is hoping we get what we want.

The meeting was conducted by Jack Small, IFAA President, from Shelbyville. He appointed a trophy committee, consisting of Lester Burriss of Anderson, Guy Gustin of Greenfield, and James Manson of Crawfordsville. It will be their job to order and arrange all trophies for the state meets. They have a big job, but they are good men, so we know we will have nice trophies for the

for the first time a publicity chairman. I surely don't need to name him. I found when you open your big mouth, someone gives you a job. I have a very able assistant to help me over the rough spots and get us into the newspapers. Russ Metz, of Salem, editor of the local newspaper, has consented to give me a much needed hand. As everyone who has read any of my articles in this magazine knows, I have always said we do not get enough publicity for our sport. Believe me, if it is possible we will get it this year. At least Indiana will know about field archery. Incidentally, Mr. Metz is an archer.

We know that no sport can survive without support and we of the clubs in Indiana know that we now have an active state association and are willing to get behind the officers of that association and lend a helping hand when and where it is needed most. Let us hope that not even one club member will refuse any job asked of him. Remember, it is your chosen sport—support it in every way you can and help it to grow. As Ray Boyer of Bloomington said at the meeting: "Let's get behind our sport and some day see our better archers go to a National Tournament to compete for top honors and make it so we will have a Sammy Snead, Ted Williams or Nashua in archery." Wishful thinking? I don't think so.



Oranco Bowmen Champions: Women, Jo McCubbins; Men, Leslie Speaks.

## Championship

By MARY SWANSON

11112 Hazard St., Santa Ana, Calif.

Annual championship of the Oranco Bowmen was held on their home range December 18. The day was a cold one, but didn't stop the archers from turning out and shooting top scores. A 28-target field round and a 28-target broad-head round were shot for the day. All awards were presented at the Annual Banquet, held January 6th at the Huntington Inn, with Joe Fries acting as master of ceremonies. After introduction of the following officers, awards were made to all winners in the championship shoot.

President—Ralph Phelps.  
Vice-President—Frank McCubbins.  
Secretary—Mary Swanson.  
Treasurer—Ray Robertson.  
Directors—Louie Carrasco, Bill Robinson.

Range Captain—Bud Bennett.  
CHAMPIONSHIP AWARDS  
Women's Champion—Jo McCubbins.  
Men's Champion—Les Speaks.  
Women's Class—Patty Palmer, Pat Robinson and Pearl Wright.

Men's Class (Expert A)—Bob Jensen.

● Continued on next page.

Cubbins and Jim Bobbitt.  
Bowman—John Wright, Jerry Springs and Al Kunisch.

Archer—Frank Swanson, Carl Woodmansee and Bob Rainwater.

Novice—Paul Mora, Bob Rodman and Virgil Strunk.

Intermediate—Dale Grauer, Jim Kunisch and Patty Swanson.

Juniors—Dick Dawson, Phil Kunisch and Mike Swanson.

Special awards went to Bob Perkins, as the outstanding member of the year, having contributed the most voluntary work to the betterment of the club. A nice trophy was presented to Leslie Speaks, from the Pro Archery Shop in Costa Mesa, for the member who improved the most in score during the past year. Another trophy was the Robin Hood Award, presented to Frank McCubbins for splitting an arrow the way Robin Hood used to do.

The climax of the evening came when a very special award was presented to President Ralph Phelps for the terrific job he has done during the past year.

After the awards, two archery films, Moose Diary and National Tournaments, were shown and brought to a close a very successful year.

## NIPMUC ARCHERS HOLD FIELD DAY

By PAT HARTY

Boston Daily Globe

Which is the more deadly killer of game, a bow and arrow, or a muzzle loading rifle of the sharpshooting days of the Civil War?

A devotee of each weapon did his best out in Hopedale at the Nipmuc Rod and Gun Club, over on the Upton line. As far as we can determine, it came out a draw.

Lew Horton, the Framingham sports store owner, used the fowling piece, a .58 caliber, 1860, Civil War musket. Chuck Evans of 68 Bailey Road, Somerville, was the archer with regulation equipment he would use shooting a deer. They shot at a turkey cut-out at 40 yards. It was a life-size target. Lew, aiming for the head, hit it three out of four times. Evans, aiming at the breast, did exactly the same thing, three hits out of four. With either of them shooting at a live bird, the gobbler wouldn't have a chance.

This exhibition was part of an Open House and Field Day held by the newly formed archery division of the Nipmuc Club. With C. Lon Church of the archers as chairman, they set up a top drawer field course with 14 targets over the wooded section of this 112-acre layout that was built by the Draper Company of Hopedale and rented back to the club.

An added attraction was a running deer target that coursed downhill across the far end of the archery range. It was only fitting that Lon Church should win this event, just for the lift it gave him after all the hard work of preparing this outstanding show and competition. Doc DeLesio of the Mastenock Archers, secretary of the Massachusetts State Archery Association, was third, after welcoming the Nipmuc group into the state organization.

Chuck Evans, who tied in the musket vs. bow event, had to earn the right to be in that competition by winning a Turkey Shoot which also netted him a big live bird for his holiday table. His closest rival for the bird was Mike Walsh, 1955 state champion in the ex-



FIELD COMMITTEES OF NIPMUC (MASS.) ARCHERS. Top: Lon Church, Verne Childs, Arnold Neally, Len Carlson, Lyman Draper. Front: Wally Colcord and Harold Bushnell.

pert class, who rode out here from town with Chuck.

Altogether, 150 archers from eight clubs arrived on time for the events that began soon after two o'clock.

A special division for women and juniors, who shot at regular archery targets, was won by Priscilla Elson for the women and John Shannahan for the boys. Both were from Hopedale. The new club is working hard at building up both types of membership in its new organization.

The club house, built right after the war, is a modern dwelling type with a big meeting room and a modern kitchen. The whole area surrounds Fisk Mill Pond which the club stocks with rain-bows and brook trout each spring. They put out 235 pheasant and 100 white hare this year which cost them close to \$1,000. They have a rifle range, and skeet and trap fields, plus good running grounds for both beagles and bird dogs.

With a membership of 1025 now, President Madison Goff of Hopedale believes

it is one of the largest, if not the largest, sportsmen's club in the state. Bob Weaver is vice-president, Charlie Lemon treasurer, and Wesley Burton is secretary. Bill Nelson, only officer not from Hopedale, lives in Upton and is financial secretary.

The field archery course made a fine impression on Gerald King and the archery committee plans to extend its present 14-target field course to the full 28 needed for a possible sectional or national championship. They have plenty of room for it.

One of the happiest archers at the event, because of the good showing made for the Nov. 21 to 27 pre-gunning season on deer for the bow and arrow lads, in the hearing at Westboro, was Vern Childs, local member from Upton, who has already shot his deer with a bow this year. He shot the first deer in the Mooseharn Wildlife Refuge down near Calais, Me., since it was opened to archers, when he downed a 120-pound doe.



Warming up prior to Nipmuc Field Day. Archers on the left are Mike Walsh, Massachusetts field champ; Chuck Evans, turkey shoot winner. Both are from Waltham Field Archers.



## OUTDOOR WIFE

By CREEETIE KERR

845 West, 450 North  
Orem, Utah

### A PECCARY HUNT?

Today we received a reply to the letter which we had written to the Arizona Game and Fish Department, requesting information on the forthcoming peccary, or javelina, hunt to be held in that state. In this letter of information we also received a copy of the 1955-56 hunt regulations, license regulations, Arizona road map and two official application forms for non-resident hunting licenses.

Just looking over these folders gives my goose bumps more goose bumps! Ever since the deer hunt closed in Utah this past season, we've been consoling ourselves with another hunt just ahead and the time is almost here. The regulations state that the open season will be February 11 to 17, inclusive. (Glad they said inclusive, because I usually need that, too.) "The open area: state wide, except the Arlington and Robbins Butte Game Management Units, Unit 7, Zone 1, and the Santa Rita Experimental Range of the Santa Rita Game Management Unit. Tucson Mountain Unit open to bow hunting only. Legal animal: one javelina, either sex. A valid javelina license and seal must be in possession of any person hunting javelina. Javelina seal must be locked on the javelina immediately after the kill."

What's that sound I hear? Oh, just the sharpening of broadheads and the rattling around of many brains as they go through the process of dreaming schemes to get away those above mentioned dates.

How's your bow weight? "Bow, having a pull of not less than 40 lbs. and shooting arrow with broadhead not less than 7/8 in. in width, may be used to take deer, antelope, bear, turkey and javelina." So says the hunt regulations.

What about this little guy called peccary, javelina, or by some, wild pig? Is he fun to hunt? I'll hurry here to say, YOU BET! I've only one small hunt's experience behind me, but even that little bit showed me the real challenge they offer a hunter. Especially a bow hunter.

Since a hunter is usually a good day-dreamer, let's picture yourself in a wide expanse of sun drenched territory, covered with strange and beautiful desert plants. Being unfamiliar with the names of these desert plants I shall not attempt to name them, but rather suggest that you find time to browse through some of the beautifully illustrated copies of "Arizona Highways," or find copies of books on the subject suggested by this magazine. The names of these books? "The Flowering Cactus," "The Cacti of Arizona," and "The Giant Cactus Forest and Its World." So often people are heard to remark, "But there's nothing on the desert alive; it looks so brown or dead." Spend a little time in the desert and you'll soon learn that both night and day hardly a minute goes by without moving things surrounding you. Really, I know. For example: on hot, dusty-seeming day, I knelt in the shadow of some low scrubby brush, with just my bow for a companion. In one hour I had seen four javelina on a ridge (stones rattling down a hillside had drawn my attention to them); heard, by the tell-tale rolling of gravel, a tiny,

beautiful of all—a long haired, silver bodied, red nosed and red eared fox. He was real close (and listed as open season game), but he chose another trail, after letting me watch him stand motionless for minutes. He, too, I had heard long before he appeared, though he makes a different sound, more like brush rubbing together in a breeze, or the rustling of leaves, rather than the stone-rolling sound which accompanied my first friends. I am convinced that not only the animals need trained ears on the desert. Man must listen, listen, listen! Especially a hunting man.

If you're a veteran javelina hunter, about all you'll get from this column is the stirring memories of like experiences, but if you're to have your first hunt ahead, perhaps some of the little things we learned for comfort and enjoyment will prove of some value to you.

Let me suggest that you read everything you can find concerning the habits of the little guy you'll hunt. I especially like what was written about him in "The Hunter's Encyclopedia," edited by Raymond C. Camp, and published by The Stackpole Company. Most authorities agree that he resembles a small pig and that this one which we will hunt in Arizona, called collared peccary, will average about three feet in length for an adult, and will be about two or two and one-half feet in height. Most opinions on weight for an adult seem to agree on a range of 45 to 70 lbs. My first sight of a herd came shortly after my partners and I had arrived at the crest of a shale-covered hill. Here we saw many unusually tall patches of the cactus called "prickly pear." The areas around these patches were rooted up and covered with hoof prints. The prints were similar to those of a pig, and the rooting also like that made by a pig. Peculiar to me is the fore-foot with its four toes, and the hind-foot which has but three.

Have you ever seen a prickly pear? I think they look like pancakes bristling with needles. It seemed that the javelina, near the Superior Area where we were hunting, liked this particular plant very much, as evidenced by the big bites taken from them. Imagine a breakfast of needle-filled pancakes! It was just another sign to us that the little guys had been eating in the vicinity and since the wounds in the plants were fresh, they had passed that way not long ago.

When we first sighted this band, Dick had just remarked, "We sure should be seeing some now" when he added, "There they are." Looked just like eight or ten black rocks on the opposite side of the ravine but Dick, with the aid of binoculars, affirmed his finding. So there you are—watch for black rocks on a hillside. If you have a pair of binoculars you will surely find them helpful.

The javelinas did appear unusually dark but later, after a long stalk, paying every possible attention to wind direction, noise, movement, etc., we were able to tell that a javelina is a peppery looking fellow in color. (Imagine a handful of pepper with a little salt thrown in.) Their shoats, or young, however, are a light yellowish shade and lack the collar. These I have not seen, however. Just read about them. They should blend in well with the coloring of the earth. That's nature's way, isn't it? On the other hand, mother and father blend among the dried looking limbs and vegetation almost so well that even to a trained hunter's eye, he presents a difficult object to spot. When

the best time to spot—  
Much has been said and written about their own peculiar odor. All I can say is it's probably all been true and more. Anyone planning a hunt should pay particular attention to the removal of the musk sac which is located on the back, over its hind legs. This is described in the before mentioned Game and Fish bulletin and appears to be an oval shape affair imbedded under the skin. Simply cut this out immediately after a kill.

I have eaten peccary and enjoyed it. We received the gift of a roast from a friend several years ago and, as I recall, the meat had a smoked ham flavor. The particular roast came from a javelina killed in New Mexico. The cooking recipe? Can't tell, for I don't know. Wish I did.

I have read that this animal prefers early morning and late afternoon feeding. My very short hunt last season, in an area where not too many animals range, in relation to areas further south, does not qualify me to speak authoritatively on this. Ask those who know, I'll say here.

What about clothing and gear for such a hunt? What makes for comfort, of course, is the answer and here are some items I won't be without this year. If you come from a warm climate, and you are to hunt in a warm climate, you needn't think too much about protection against cold. We left Utah during a February cold snap, dug our hunting trailer out of snow many inches deep, and spent many hours on icy roads driving to our destination. So, preparation against cold, as well as against heat, faced us. For those of you who travel through the cold country, remember to take all your emergency gear, such as tire chains and the like, and if you can visualize yourself in a blizzard along the way, but know you have the necessary items to be comfortable, you needn't worry one bit.

Now let's say you have reached the warm country and are ready to leave camp for the hunt. The mornings are nippy, but don't let it fool you—leave those heavy jackets behind! I was most comfortable in a pair of long-handled cotton underwear and long-sleeved cotton suede shirt and hard surfaced wool trousers. Long underwear! Under a hot sun? You bet! Know why? In the country we hunted, ninety million daggers and eighty million needles reached out all day long to jab, poke, or stab me. I just made it harder for them to get through. Several ideas have presented themselves on this subject and I'm going to try wearing my buckskins this season. Whatever you wear, remember its got to be quiet and it must protect. Also, it should be light in weight, for even the buttons on your shirt get heavy after several hours of hunting. A hat was very important, and I found that a buckskin cap, of my own design, filled the bill nicely. The sun didn't seem to get through much and every now and then a handkerchief, soaked in a small amount of water, and settled smack on top of my head under my hat, felt downright delightful. From whence the water? From the nicest little light-weight 2-qt. canteen I've ever carried. This canteen is sold at leading sporting goods stores for about \$2.98 and is called Palco 2-quarter. Made by the Worcester Pressed Aluminum Corp. of Worcester, Mass. Comes complete with a slick carrying case. Only weighs about a hair's worth.

Now you've dressed against needle pricks, and you've a canteen of water which, with careful watching, will last

• Continued on page fifty-two.

## Annual Meeting

By VERA MAERTINS

7541 Curry Ave., El Cerrito, Calif.

Tilden Archers, a Northern California field club, held their annual Christmas dinner on December 17 at Spengers Banquet Room in Berkeley. Leo Cornell acted as master of ceremonies and introduced the following new officers for the year 1956:

President—Danny Quadros.  
Vice President—Carl Kayfez.  
Sec'y Treas.—Alice Quadros.  
Social Chairman—Vera Maertins.  
Range Captain—Carl Maertins.  
Asst. Range Captain—Joe Kayfes.  
Mr. and Mrs. Truman Farnsworth were presented with honorary life memberships for their long years of work in promoting archery in the Bay Area and for their untiring work for the club. Four member archers were presented with high score pins: George Pryde, 400 pin; Trueman Farnsworth, 350 pin; Don Hooper, 350 pin and Beverly Quadros, 250 pin.

Tournament Chairman, George Pryde, working with the members, has great plans for the club during 1956. A club shoot will be held on the second Sunday of each month throughout the coming year. Twenty-eight new bales have just been set up and the range is ready for shooting.

Our first major project is the new club house which will be started as soon as weather permits. A box social is planned for our March meeting.



Leo Cornell, right, presents Mr. and Mrs. Trueman Farnsworth honorary life memberships in Tilden Archers club.

## News From New Hampshire

By TOM BLAKE

37 Franklin St., Keene, N. H.

Bow hunting for the elusive white-tail deer concluded on December 21 in the Granite State, with a kill of ten deer being reported for the season.

Louis J. Marsh of Plaistow was one of the five lucky hunters who bagged their game in the Bear Brook Archery Reserve. Marsh dropped an eleven-point, 240-pound buck, one of the largest deer ever taken by bow and arrow in New Hampshire. Another archer who will have pleasant bow hunting dreams for a long time to come is George Sorrell of Suncook. George will enter in the NFAA Prize Buck Contest a 10-point, 190-pound (dressed) deer, which he shot in Pembroke on opening day, Nov. 21.

The first bow and arrow hunting sanctuary in the Rochester area and the second in the entire state, was made available to hunters during the December season. William Champlin, Jr., offered to post some 800 acres of his land near Rochester Hill and asked the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department to cooperate in setting up a game refuge on the property—now called the Champlin Game Refuge—and agreed to permit bow and arrow hunting in the area. The land, which has been closed to all hunting for many years, due to its proximity to roads and dwellings, will be governed by the regular bow and arrow laws.

During the winter season, activities on the indoor ranges have captured the spotlight with challenge matches, instruction courses for juniors, and other programs in full swing.

One of the outstanding six-man teams in the state is "Thoco Archers" of Concord, who have beaten just about every-

body at the date of this writing. Captain of the team is Andy Beauchesne, a top archer in the New England area.

Archers in the state have been without a state-wide bulletin for several seasons, but now have a new means of communication in the form of a Newsletter published by Tom Blake of Keene. The letter, which is issued monthly, is called the "New Hampshire Bowman." It covers primarily archery news of New Hampshire and sells for \$1.00 per year.

## Venison Dinner For Conn. Field Archers

By BILL GOODWIN

606 N. Cayuga St., Ithaca, N. Y.

The Connecticut Hill Field Archers held their annual venison dinner, elected new officers for the coming year and awarded club championship prizes. Officers elected were:

President—Glen Brewer.  
Vice-President—Lew Riley.  
Secretary-Treasurer—Frank Allen.  
Publicity Agent—Bill Goodwin.  
The champions in the Instinctive division were: Expert A, Don Drake; Expert B, Pete Allen; Bowman, Ken Westbrook; Archer, Wellington Stewart; Novice, Jack Howland; Intermediate, Bobby Cameron.

In the women's Instinctive division, Leah Drake was awarded first in the Bowman class, Helen Cameron in Archer, Marie Rumney in Novice, and Alice Marie Bell in Intermediate.

Dr. A. L. LaCelle was a trophy winner in the Free-Style Archer class.

Awards were also made for the largest deer taken. Bob Cameron bagged a 115-pound buck, Helen Cameron, a 106-pound doe, and Albert Allen, a 105-pound buck. Ed Stokes shot the heaviest deer, a 120-pounder.

Al Allen shot the largest carp dur-

ing the year, a 21-pounder. Lew Riley's weighed 20 pounds 8 ounces and Glen Brewer's 20 pounds 5 ounces.

A special trophy, awarded by the club to the member who has shown outstanding interest and for services rendered, was permanently retired by the Cameron family. Robert and Helen Cameron and their son Bob figured. One or the other won it each of the four years.

A movie, made by Henry Ford of Watkins Glen of the New York State Championships, held at Connecticut Hill last summer, was shown. The venison dinner was prepared by club members Al Allen, Tom Daghita and Lew Riley. The club is eager to enroll new members. Anyone interested may contact this writer.

The Connecticut Hill Field Archers' field course, located at Newfield, N. Y., has been voted by the New York State Field Archery Association to be a permanent location for the state championship tournaments.

## Southwest Open At Tulsa Oklahoma, April 29

By HAROLD SMOCK, JR.

2415 E. 36th Pl., Tulsa, Oklahoma

Tulsa Archery Association takes great pleasure in announcing a bigger and better Southwest Open this year. A carnival atmosphere will prevail over the tournament, so wear your brightest clothes. Keeper trophies will be given for first, second and third place in seven divisions. They sure are beautiful. Bring your family. There will be door prizes for the out of town guests, two of which are a custom grade bow and a hand-made hunting knife. The Tulsa club will provide free refreshments to all participants. We hope to see all the old faces which were there last year, plus many new ones.



By ANDREW PFEIFFER

Box 450, R.F.D. 1, Old Lyme, Conn.

Perhaps this will not have the suspense of the usual bow hunter's yarn. But it holds for me an experience I'll never forget.

I was bitten by the archery bug some 18 months ago. It has become more than a sport—it's my relaxation, my hobby, and a fascinating science. I've gone off the deep end and now use the machines of my trade to make the fancy gadgets every archer dreams of. I've kidded, sneered at, and ridiculed: "A grown man making like Robin Hood." "What a waste of time!" "The bow and arrow are kids' stuff. For the meat I'll use my gun!"

Eighteen months of the bug! Every day, shooting or making mountains of "arrows"—things of beauty!

I joined the Groton Bow Hunters, in Groton, Connecticut. The course is not National, but it is the best hunter's trial in the New England area. It's rough, tough, and nasty. It's the woods just the way they came. The paths are littered with the "good wood," but if you can shoot this course and smile, you are ready for the hunt!

And now it comes. In New Jersey the bow hunter's season opens the 15th of October—and I was there. A chap named Raymond "Mort" Kitchin of Lambertville, N. J., a fellow archer, took me out on the opening day. The stand he selected for me was a thick honeysuckle growth on the edge of a large field. It was dark when we arrived at 6.45 a.m. Then came the waiting, the silence was unbelievable for a spot only about 30 miles from Trenton. At 7:30 I was kneeling and happened to glance through that maze of honeysuckle to my right and there was THE BUCK. His arrival was silent and unexpected. He was standing less than 20 feet away, straight on and looking at me, the intruder! I didn't move and he put his head down for a second to nibble. Still kneeling, I drew my arrow. He looked up (that mess of honeysuckle would have deflected a locomotive—not a chance for a shot!), then he straightened up and was off. Those graceful, noiseless, twelve-foot leaps. He was past me and running diagonally away to my left when I got to my feet, drew full and let fly. I heard the "puck," and on his next bound I could see my "hit" deep in his left side—then he was gone! I waited about five minutes and called Mort. He knew it was my first hunt and when he walked up, his question was a good one, "Did you see one?" I was on a cloud and as I looked down I said, with the little calmness left in me, "I hit him!"

I paced off to the spot where I connected and it was a good 35 yards. Mort found him fifty yards from where I had scored the hit. His, "You don't have to look any more, here's your buck!" were the most rewarding words I've ever heard. Without Mort, I might still be looking for the trail.

Statistics: Bow: 56-lb. Kodiak II; arrow, 28" home-made (naturally), with Hill's Hornet broadhead. The shot: behind the last rib, through the liver and lungs, smashing a rib on his right side.

This is not a record of a kill, or of the glory of archery. Nothing I could say would add to the noble sport. It's a dedication to the breed of archer such as "Mort" Kitchin. To take an unknown person into the woods to hunt with you on the opening day, a guy, for all you know, who could scare every living thing within ten miles by his inexperience; to



"MORT" KITCHEN AND THE AUTHOR POSE SMILINGLY WITH THEIR "PARTNERSHIP" BUCK

put him on stand at your favorite spot; to photograph and parade HIS kill in YOUR home town—this is the kind of guy who MAKES archery. This, too, is why it will always remain my sport.

### Report From Spokane Archery Club

By ERMA JENT

1923 W. 27th, Spokane, Wash.

The Spokane Archery Club held its club election and the following are the officers who will "rule" the club for the ensuing year:

- President—Harold Blume.
- Vice-President—Bill Morse.
- Secretary—Erma Jent.
- Field Captain—Bob Coe.

Credit should be given to our outgoing officers for a very good club year. During 1955, besides the regular and novelty shoots, the club was host to the Washington State Bow Hunters Association for their annual State Championship Tournament. From the rumors and compliments that were handed out, I believe that all of the archers attending had a grand time and enjoyed one of the best laid out and planned shoots.

The club also co-sponsored with the Toxophilite Archery Club (another field club located in Spokane) the annual City Championship Field Tournament held in September. We had lovely turn-outs for both shoots and enjoyed having them as our guests.

One of our members, Harold Manos, took (to our knowledge) the only deer

off of Mt. Spokane this year. Of our members, sixty-one in number at this date—37 men, 11 women and 13 juniors—four were lucky enough to get their deer. Those members, besides Hal Manos, were: Rolly Hearsom, Vince Rainier and Ross Bell.

### Taft Club Sets April Fool Shoot Date

By BILL SPRAGUE

509 7th St., Taft, California

The Taft Archery Club wishes to announce that they will hold their annual April Fool's Day Shoot on March 31st. Since this will be the day before Easter Sunday, we are planning on a combination April Fools Day & Egg Shoot.

This day-long event, which will begin at 9:00 a.m., will consist of two 14-round novelty and luck targets for the morning shoot. This will be followed by a break for lunch. Our two refreshment stands on the range will serve hot dogs, doughnuts, and hot and cold drinks throughout the shoot.

After lunch, we will hold our skill, luck, and novelty shoots at our main target practice butts. This will include a Humpty-Dumpty shot from our Swing-N'-Sway swing, a moving target shoot while sitting in the familiar old "Out House," besides many more which the members would rather keep as a deep secret until the day of the shoot.

Next in line will be a 14-round skill shoot, awarding the many prizes and an Easter egg hunt for the youngsters.

## Weight Problem

By TOM JORDAN

2232 Roslyn Avenue, Duluth, Minn.

There has been much discussion as to whether a heavy or a light arrow would be more effective for hunting. It is time this important question is answered.

It must be recognized that the arrow which will be most effective in bringing home the venison is the arrow which has the most kinetic energy as it reaches its target. We will not be concerned with how this energy is dissipated. That will depend on the design of the arrow and the accuracy of the archer, not on the weight of the arrow.

Any bow is more efficient when shooting a heavier arrow. Therefore the energy of the arrow as it leaves the bow will be greater for a heavier arrow. This initial kinetic energy is given by:

$$E_0 = \frac{1}{2} m V_0^2 \quad (1)$$

Where  $E_0$  is the energy of the arrow as it leaves the bow,  $m$  is the mass or weight of the arrow divided by  $g$ , and  $V_0$  is its initial velocity.

It has been found by experiment that within a practical range of arrow weights, the initial velocity is inversely proportional to the cube root of the mass of the arrow.\*

$$V_0 = K / \sqrt[3]{m} \quad (2)$$

By combining equations 1 and 2 the initial energy can be given as a function of the arrow weight.

$$E_0 = \frac{1}{2} K^2 \sqrt[3]{m} \quad (3)$$

This clearly shows that the energy in the arrow as it leaves the bow increases as the arrow weight increases.

Of more interest, however, is the energy in the arrow at some distance  $s$  from the bow. The arrow will lose velocity and energy as a result of air resistance. For the velocities with which we are concerned the force of air resistance is given by:

$$F = k V^2$$

Where  $k$  is a constant depending on the design of arrow, and  $V$  is the instantaneous velocity.

By integrating Newton's laws of motion, it is easily shown that the velocity  $V$  at some distance  $s$  is given by:

$$V_s = V_0 e^{-\frac{ks}{m}} \quad (4)$$

Where  $e = 2.718$ , the base of natural logs.

Within a practical range of values of  $\frac{ks}{m}$

$$V_s = V_0 \left(1 - \frac{ks}{m}\right) \quad (5)$$

The energy at this distance  $s$  can

$$E_s = \frac{1}{2} m V_s^2$$

from (4):

$$E_s = \frac{1}{2} m \left(V_0 e^{-\frac{ks}{m}}\right)^2$$

$$E_s = \frac{1}{2} m V_0^2 e^{-\frac{2ks}{m}}$$

from (1):

$$E_s = E_0 e^{-\frac{2ks}{m}} \quad (6)$$

Within a practical range:

$$E_s = E_0 \left(1 - \frac{2ks}{m}\right) \quad (7)$$

from (3):

$$E_s = \frac{1}{2} K^2 \sqrt[3]{m} \left(1 - \frac{2ks}{m}\right) \quad (8)$$

This clearly shows that a heavier arrow not only has more energy as it leaves the bow, but also retains more of this energy after it has traveled a distance against air resistance.

From equations 6 or 7 it can be seen that for any design of arrow and constant initial energy, the distance at which some constant fraction of this energy will be obtained, is directly proportional to the weight of the arrow. In other words, if an arrow of a given weight contained a certain amount of energy at 20 yards, an arrow of the same design and size weighing twice as much would contain this same amount of energy at 40 yards. Actually it would have more energy, because it took more energy from the bow. (equations 3 or 8)

At any distance the energy lost to air

weight. The heavier the arrow—the less energy lost. It must be pointed out that  $k$  was always constant as the arrow weight varied. The value of  $k$  is of equal importance to the arrow weight in determining the amount of energy lost to air resistance. Usually this value would increase as arrow weight increases, as heavier arrows have bigger shafts and heads and more feather area.

Although this article was intended to clearly show that a heavier arrow will have more energy as it hits its target and thus do a better job of killing a deer, this should not be the only factor considered in choosing an arrow for hunting. Of at least equal importance is to hit the target. A heavier arrow will have a lower velocity and higher trajectory. The arrow's energy will be useful only if it is dissipated in the right place.

I should like to thank Dr. E. H. Weinberg of the University of Minnesota, Duluth Branch, Physics Department, for his help in solving this problem.

\* Dr. Paul E. Klopsteg, Archery The Technical Side.

### Maya Bow Hunters

By SAMUEL RIVAS

7420 Fruitridge Rd., Sacramento, Calif.

A squirrel shoot was held by the Maya Bow Hunters over the week-end of December 11th. The party consisted of members from the Fort Sutter, Winged Arrow and Maya Bow Hunters. The hunt took place in Amador County and, though none of the archers was successful in bagging a squirrel, all reported they enjoyed themselves immensely.

### This Month's Cover

Dick Kerr, Utah bowman, and his "Thunder Buck." Read how he bagged this beauty in his story on page four.





# Yahi Bowmen Host 181

## At Open Shoot

By PATRICIA GARDALI

1458 Water St., Modesto, Calif.

"One of the best tournaments of the year." "Most enjoyable shoot I've been to." "This can be rated as one of the best tournaments I've been to." These are some of the many complimentary comments heard at the Yahi Bowmen's December 4th Open Shoot in Modesto, California.

Seventeen clubs and many individual shooters were represented at the shoot, the greatest number of members from one club being credited to the Fresno club who chartered a bus to bring approximately 33 members. The Yahis want to thank all of the clubs which attended the tournament for their excellent support, and we sincerely hope they will look forward to our next shoot.

Top honors of the day went to Frank Farnum, bare-bow shooter of the Yahi Bowmen, who turned in the very impressive score of 781. The tournament consisted of 28 broadhead and 28 small game targets.

A moving target, which consisted of a painted turkey on pulleys, was used for the turkey shoot after the tournament. It was noted that the four turkeys were not taken home by those men and women who usually win. The moving bird seemed to give everyone a more equal chance.

## BARBS FROM THE FLETCHIN' BENCH

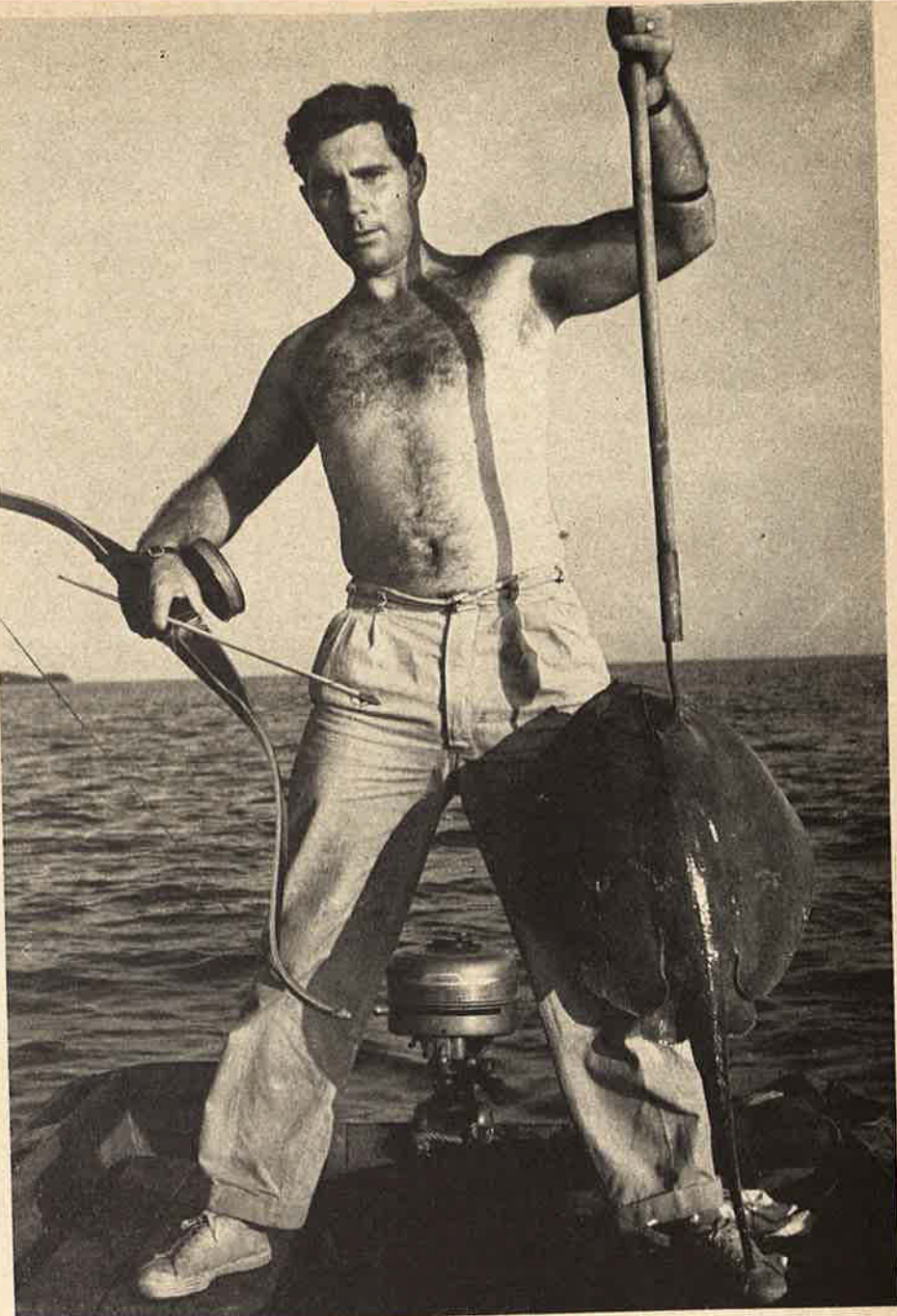
By L. J. CARTER

Box 173, Lexington Park, Md.

The fellers who make up this arrear flingin' society sure are a bunch of gadgeteers. See evidence of this here leanin' every day, but some of the fellers seem to go off the deep end with some of their pipe dreams. Can't help but note the ads that pop up with big deals to end all the archer's troubles on somethin' or other and then the idea peters out like a skyrocket.

Member one time years ago, some of the fellers were lookin' for a way to do somethin' to take away the arrear footin' problem. Fer you fellers who ain't never messed with wood shafts on the target range, the arrear footin' is a hunk of hard wood, spliced in on the front end of a shaft and designed to add weight, as well as keep the softer wood from chippin' out from behind the pile. Makes a right purty shaft when put together good.

One feller gets an idea and we all go to work with him. We fiddle around and mount a pressure guage, a valve stem and a spigot in the proper places in a long section of four-inch steel pipe, cap the durn thing real tight at one end, get a big ol' pipe wrench to use on the other end, build a frame out of wire to go inside, pick out a dozen real fancy P.O. shafts and we're off to the races. One feller lugs in a whisky bottle full of liquid celluloid, another gets a tire pump, the third pours the goop in the steel tube, inserts them shafts and cinches up on the top cap. With a few pumps of air, the pressure goes up to 15 pounds and we sit and wait. Finally somebody says, real innocent like, we got to use heat, so on goes a blowtorch around the bottom of the tube and in about 30 seconds the fun starts.



SAM GARDALI, 1956 Yahi President, with an 18-pound sting ray, which he shot off the St. Petersburg, Florida coast last summer.

Nobody stopped to think we had a real live bomb hanging in the vise. The ol' pressure zoomed to the top of the dial and we all zoomed out the back door. The last man out had the presence of mind to stuff a match in the valve to release the pressure, the rest just wanted to see what it looked like at the other end of the block. Since nothing blew, we came back walkin' on eggs, and found some nice, plastic-footed shafts. We made up several batches and gave them a good trial run—shot purty, didn't chip, weight balance was real fine, BUT they wandered all over the pasture. Why?

Everybody forgot that when an arrear slices into a straw target, friction causes heat, heat softened the plastic a bit, bale pressure and the whip of the shaft when it hit made the wood bend and so they eventually shot like cork-screws. Fortunate for us, the idea wasn't put on the market before we had given

it a good check out. It never made the market 'cause the steel pipe went into the junk pile.

One of the same fellers made up a set of flight arrers, fletched 'em with a double set of vanes and proceeded to try for the world's record. Everything was goin' good until one of 'em got a kink in the middle, very small one at that, and it turned into a boomerang. Let 'er go for a 500-yard try, it left like a dream, BUT it was darned upsetting to have the thing come back and plunk into the ground about 15 yards in front of you. So the double vane idea also went into the junk heap, practical but dangerous to the user.

Like the feller says, there probably ain't nothin' new in the sport of archery that ain't been tried before by some gadgeteer. You just got to make sure that your idea is fool-proof before you try to sell it, or you come a cropper.

## MAKE IT YOURSELF

By DR. D. A. HENBEST

110 S. 2nd St., Gallup, N. M.

Comfort and efficiency go like ham and eggs or bread and butter. Without one the other is not as good as can be. I've seen hunters, both with guns and our way of hunting, so loaded with extras that I can hardly see how they could get through the woods. Perhaps that is one reason why they get so few deer. Could be that in being so loaded with equipment it either rattles or scrapes on the branches scaring the game away by the foreign noises.

I never carry a hatchet, as it is too heavy and will have a tendency to tire me. I do have an excellently made hunting knife that I keep with me, but I was bothered by its rubbing on my quiver and sometimes punching me in the back near my kidneys. Most of you have heard about how people can be seriously injured by a low back blow (football players for example), so I decided to remove that chance of a hunting injury.

I no longer wear my knife on my belt, either left or right. I do not like it on my quiver as it is hard to reach. I now carry mine on my leg so I can grasp the handle when my hand is hanging naturally at my side. I took my hunting pants and marked off an area where I wanted to put my knife. It was behind the seam about a couple of inches. I marked this area in chalk, as it brushes off very easily after the new knife sheath has been sewn on.

I took some Indian tanned buckskin (obtained locally from a trading post) and made a bigger sheath in a pocket form to fit around the factory sheath. That way the knife will not cut through

the soft leather, but is well protected. I sewed the buckskin on with a double stitch at the front of the buckskin, then put my knife sheath next to my pants leg, after which I finished sewing the buckskin over the top of the factory sheath. I left about two and a half inches extra leather on the outside so I could fringe it. I feel that the fringe helps break up outlines in hunting and besides—well, I just like it.

To make a nicer looking job, tuck the front of the buckskin under before sewing. Do not fringe the edge until after the leather is completely fastened to the pants. If you cut the fringe first, you'll be sorry—it gets in the way of the needle and thread. To cut the fringe, try to cut it thin and not wide as on commercial made coats. The old time fringe was cut so that the thickness and width were the same. After the fringe has been cut, it should be rolled between the fingers to make it round.

Don't forget to cut two small slits in the top of the buckskin pocket so that the safety straps at the top of the knife can still be fastened to the handle.

Some people start their conversations by talking about the weather. Carry your knife on your pants leg where the handle is in place with your hand and you will find, in addition to being practical and comfortable, it will also be a conversation starter.

## Louisville Archers Reporting

By ANDY RIEDLEY

942 Burton Ave., Louisville 8, Ky.

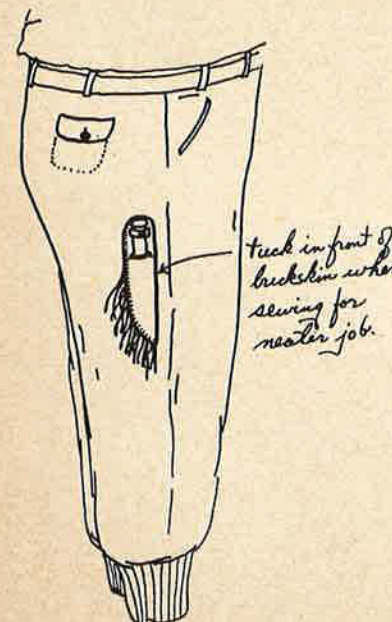
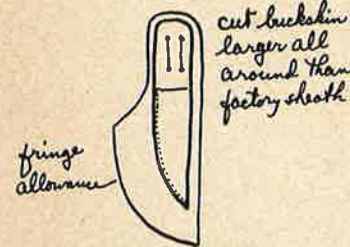
Members of the Louisville Archery Club have begun to work up steam since their indoor season began in November. Team competition started December 4 and each of the three teams has managed to come up in first place at least once.

From Steve Banta comes a report on the bow hunters. Steve says that on December 18th the fellows found the bunnies dug in deep after a light snow. John Rickeson and Harold Cummins each bagged one.

On January 18th the boys went out again and John, being the guy with the best eyesight, again was first to score. Harold and Owen Pedigo turned up with one each.

The club is proud to announce the arrival of "TWANG," the first bulletin of any kind our club has ever had. The new publication will be edited by Jerry and Andy Riedley.

Since its beginning, our club has grown so much it's doubtful if any of the original members would recognize it today. L.A.C. started out as a target club in about 1930. We now have one of the very best field courses in the state, plus our target range. Our membership has changed too, in that our instinctive archers far out number the target (or sight) shooters. But one thing has not changed and that is the fact that no matter how we shoot—sight or not—we shoot together and our club is one of the most smoothly run in the state. We cooperate on all tournaments, field or target, and we all shoot in each kind and enjoy them both. The free-style shooters remove their sights and shoot instinctive (when the target season is over), with the rest of the gang on the field course. We're trying to get some more of the "stinky" shooters to put sights on their bows and even up the score this summer.



## Annual Banquet

By HARRY MILLAR  
Oakland, California

Ninety-seven Rebos, their families and friends attended the annual December banquet to install new officers, present awards for the year and a general get-together of old friends. Art Evans, past president of Associated Sportsmen of California, was in top form and did his usual admirable job as master of ceremonies with the introduction of our honored guests of the evening: Mrs. Rose Evans, Art's lovely wife; Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Walpole, Manager of East Bay Regional Park District; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Flood, East Bay Regional Park District; Mr. and Mrs. Ed Busalak, President of Associated Sportsmen; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mantell, President of California Bowmen Hunters and Field Archers Association; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Macquarrie, Vice President of CBH&FA; George Barnes, Vice President of Northern California Field Archers Association. Mr. and Mrs. Dud Lawrence, CBH&FA Legislative Representative, were unable to attend and sent regrets. "Dud" was busy installing the officers of the San Francisco Archers that same night.

Scorekeeper Dick Carniglia presented the Pomac pins and Birdie pins won by members during the year. Handicap Chairman Don Stivers presented the Hoffman Trophy to winner Bob Dean. The Hoffman Handicap Trophy was given to the Redwood Bowmen by an old time archer and friend, Bill Hoffman, to be used as a perpetual trophy for the highest handicap score for the year.

Each year the Helm Award is presented to the member of Redwood Bowmen who has contributed the most to the sport of archery in general. The ballot is secret, and A.S.C. President Ed Busalak was kind enough to count the mailed ballots. Art Evans then presented the award in person to this year's recipient, our new President Howard Johnson. The Buck Award, and also Bucks Unlimited, were won by Mel Williamson, who carried home a deer placque and a small Christmas tree decorated with 38 crisp new dollar bills.

One of the highlights of the evening was the surprise presentation by Harold Macquarrie of the original emblem and records of the White Company, the original name of the Redwood Bowmen club. Harold was amazed, after Art Evans made the statement that his first bow came from the Macquarrie shop in Oakland, to find, after a standing vote, that virtually 90% of those present had purchased their first bow from "Mac"! Three honorary certificates of membership and gavels were presented to Art Evans, Ed Busalak and Dud Lawrence.

After the installation of the new President, Howard Johnson, Vice-President, Jim Witharm; Secretary, Harry Millar, and Treasurer, Lucille Clark, it was announced that the Seventh Annual April Fool Shoot will be held March 25th. The April Fool committees have been appointed and are busy creating original target ideas that will be a big new surprise for the entire state.

Hunting Chairman Bob Dean has obtained first season private deer hunting land for the Redwood Bowmen and archery deer hunters who would be interested in availing themselves of this opportunity. Fifteen hundred acres will be set aside for the entire six weeks of deer season. No firearms allowed. For further information write: Bob Dean, 12972 San Pablo Ave., Richmond, Calif.



## PROGRESSING NICELY

By DONALD and CLARE MILLER  
211 N. Swope, Colorado Springs, Colo.

The committees for the National Field Archery Tournament for 1956 wish to thank everyone for the cooperation and interest shown by the many letters of inquiry received.

A check was made last week on the tournament grounds and we found the roads in very good condition and ample room for campers. The tournament grounds are six minutes from the Colorado Springs Motels. The camp area is across the road from the registration headquarters. Water, showers and rest room facilities are located on the camping area. The average temperature in July is 67 degrees and the night are very cool. So if you plan to camp, use your judgment on blankets, etc.

A nursery home, about one-half mile from the registration headquarters, is available. The price is \$2.00 per child per day. This also includes their meals.

There are many trees for shade at Austin Bluffs and the courses look very, very interesting. A few rocks will have to be removed. From various sites of the area one sees rolling farm land; in another direction are limestone formations and, of course, the Rocky Mountains are in full view most of the time. We would like to suggest that the archers wear sturdy shoes and apparel that will not snag on the sagebrush. Also we advise the archers to have plenty of sun tan location on hand, since we are 6,000 feet above sea level and the sun has less interference.

Another event scheduled to take place during the week of the tournament is the Pikes Peak Auto Race, July 4th. This event alone attracts 40,000 people every year and takes place on the toll road on Pikes Peak Mountain.

This year a barbecue beef dinner will be served on Banquet Night at the Garden of the Gods. More details on the dinner will be available later.

Also arrangements have been made for lunches to be served in the tournament area.

So long for now.

## Report On Washington Bow Hunting

By PETE DINGWALL  
1243 16th N., Seattle, Wash.

The 1955 bow hunting season in Washington was probably the most unusual in the state's history, according to H. Vallentyne, Bellevue, president of the Washington State Bow Hunters Association. Heavy snows early in the regular season created a topsy-turvy picture in the Nason Creek bow hunters' reserve. Foul weather does not, as a rule, arrive there until late in October, and deer are plentiful on the higher elevations until November. This season saw a complete about-face and, sensing the approaching storms, deer were almost entirely in the lowlands.

It was this fact that made Capitol Forest, near Olympia, the heaviest producer, although hunted only in the short post-season. According to Garry Garrison, Mt. Tacoma Bowmen of Tacoma, and newly elected W.S.B.H.A. Big Game chairman, around 30 deer were taken out of that region. Reports from other post-season areas and the Nason Creek regular season, pointed to a season's total of around 80, slightly above last year's.



LIMESTONE FORMATIONS NEAR SITE OF NATIONAL FIELD TOURNAMENT

Post-seasons were at Tucannon, Mt. Spokane State Park and Eatonville.

However, the largest animal checked out at the Chiwaukum Creek Station was taken on one of the highest ridges. Bob Simmonds of Seattle bagged a 260-pound, four-point on McCue Ridge, Nason Creek, during opening week.

In agreeing with Vallentyne, Glenn St. Charles, who has served as Big Game Chairman for the association for ten years, added that, "the bow hunter who has to go in there and dig 'em out of the brush for a shot, faced a discouraging prospect with the two and three-foot drifts two weeks after the opening of the Nason Creek Reserve."

Vallentyne found a surprisingly large number of new names among the estimated 500 hunters registered in the

various areas. In the past, old-timers predominated, but this year they were outnumbered two to one, "which indicates a healthy future for bow hunting in Washington," he concluded.

## Novelty Shoot For Newfane Bowmen

By WALT WILLIAMS  
Newfane, New York

The Newfane Bowmen have scheduled a Novelty Shoot to be held February 19 at the club range on Rt. 78, one-fourth mile north of Newfane, N. Y.

This will be our second annual event and we assure you there will be laughs and prizes for all.



Hunting Thompson Ridge in the Nason Creek bow hunters' reserve, near Lake Wenatchee, Washington, late October. Bow hunter is Flo Kearney, member of Cascade Archers, Seattle.

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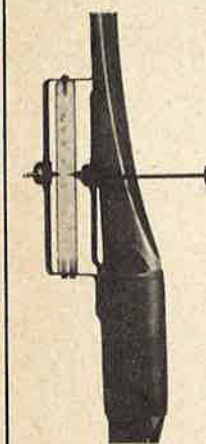
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## Boise Bowmen

By DAVE BATES

Boise, Idaho

Like most of the other archery clubs throughout the nation, 1955 comes to a close as a big year for the Boise Bowmen. We started the year with indoor team shoots and began making plans for the Idaho State Tournament of which we were hosts. We enlarged our course from 14 targets to 56. For the first time in Idaho we had a classified State Tournament and I believe it was one of the best ever held in this state.

Much of the year's activities must be only mentioned, like our club tournaments every month, our big game tournament and our turkey shoot, which would test the skill of any archer.

Our big game hunt came to a close with every one getting some shooting and eight members killing big game. The successful hunters were: Ralph Collins, deer and antelope; Mel Daly, deer and elk; Jack Brennen, Don Rosenval, Duane Marler, Jim Rainey, Dick Taylor and Floyd Audette all deer.

Our Annual Banquet and election of officers ended our year's activities. Dick Taylor was elected president, Gib Dehlin vice-president, and Evelyn Kimball secretary-treasurer. Floyd Audette was elected director and Bill Vanderhoef as publicity chairman. These people have a big job ahead of them to make 1956 as fine a year as 1955.

## Memphis Club Winds Up Successful Year

By ANITA HOPPER

1312 Brower St., Memphis 11, Tenn.

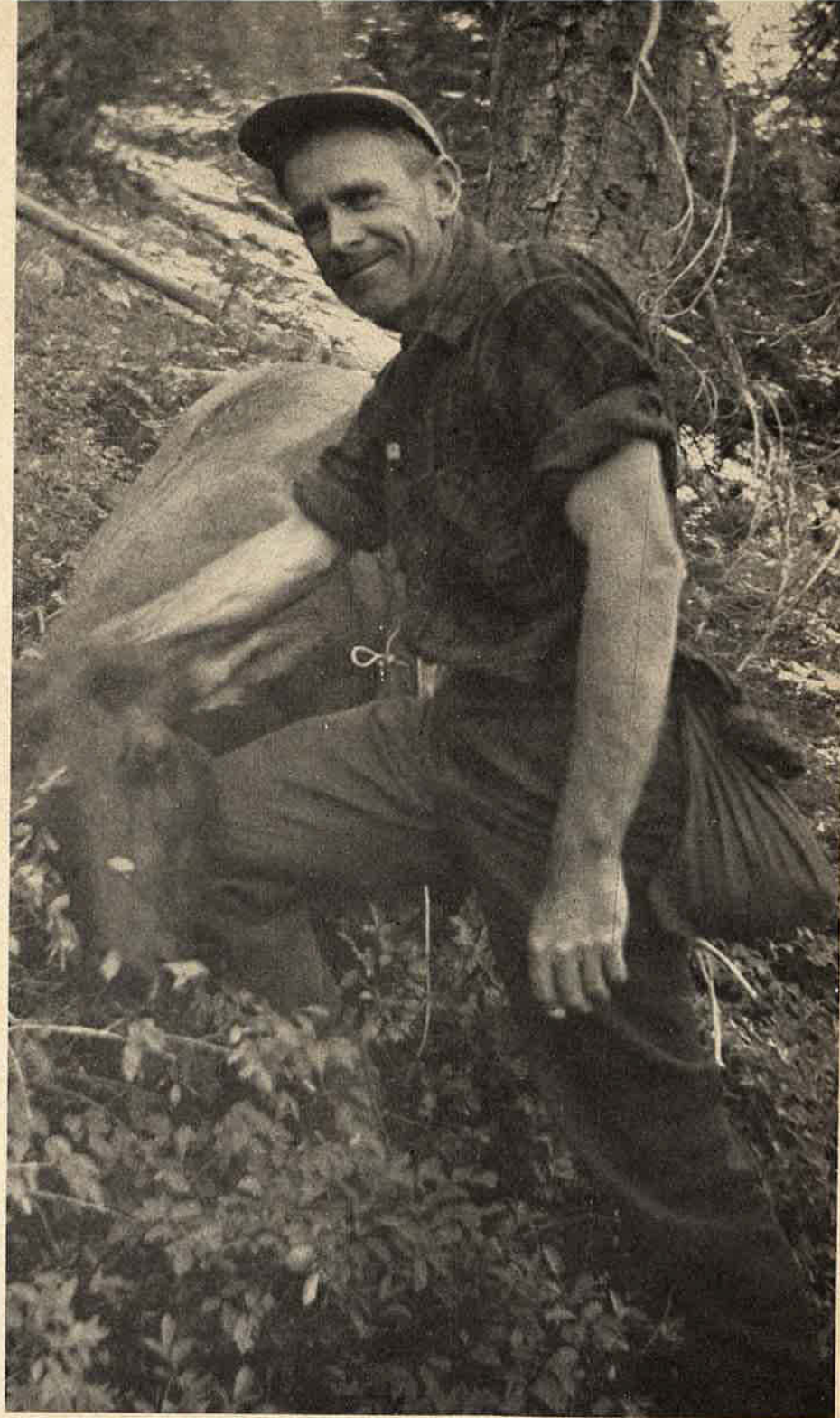
Another successful year closed on the books of Municipal Archers, with the Memphis Park Commission sponsoring the annual city field and target championships. WMCT-TV showed films of the group on a newscast, making '55 the greatest year yet for the number of television appearances by local archers.

Field championship trophies went to Odell James, Barbara Edwards, John Criner and Charles White, each being high in their respective division. Dr. Ben Pentecost won the Free-Style target championship for the men; Odell James taking top honors in the Instinctive division. Judith Jenkins won the Free-Style target title for the ladies, with Barbara Edwards taking the Instinctive title. John Criner led the Intermediate boys. Raney Ellis was high Junior boy, with Becky Dawkins top Junior girl. City Clout trophies were awarded first place archers N. F. Sledge, Anita Hopper, John Criner and Raney Ellis.

The Memphis club again sponsored an archery range at the Mid-South Fair, held in Memphis each fall. For several years, members have volunteered time and effort in making this venture a very profitable and inspiring one. Customers are allowed eight shots for a quarter, with extra shots earned by bursting balloons or hitting the goal. The success of the project bears out the fact there is a bit of yearning for the bow and arrow in most everyone.

New officers for 1956 are:

President—Joe Lyle.  
Vice-President—Jack Stephenson.  
Recording Sec'y—Barbara Edwards.  
Corresponding Sec'y—Eileen Almon.  
Treasurer—Sarah Shannon.  
Board of Governors—Al Shannon and Robert Clarke.



MEL DALY, member of Boise Bowmen, bagged this cow elk during past season.

## Michigan Archers Hold Biggest Rabbit Hunt

By DON S. FOREMAN

209 Emmet St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

On December 4th Michigan archers went rabbit hunting and it turned out to be the biggest archery rabbit hunt ever held. More than 1400 bowmen participated in this event and bagged 160 rabbits in the one-day shoot.

The hunt was held at Perry, Mich. on 600 acres which "Style" Ferries, a

farmer-sportsman, and some of his neighbors have restricted hunting to bow and arrow (with permission) for five years.

The tremendous turn-out was beyond all expectations and it was felt by many who participated that future events should be more restricted and not so wide open. In the crowd were many who had never tried the sport before, but left very enthusiastic.

Archers who like to shoot at moving targets certainly had a field day, for rabbits were running in every direction.

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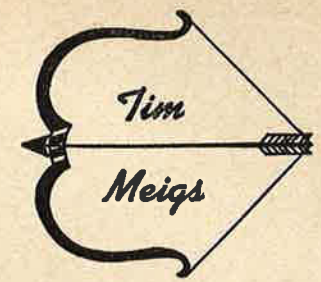
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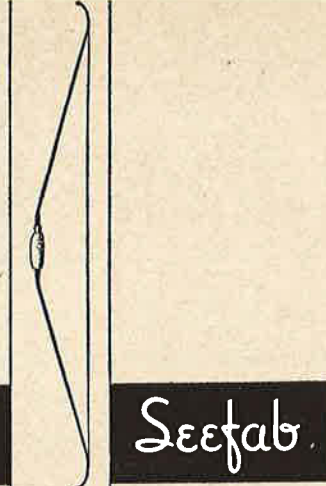
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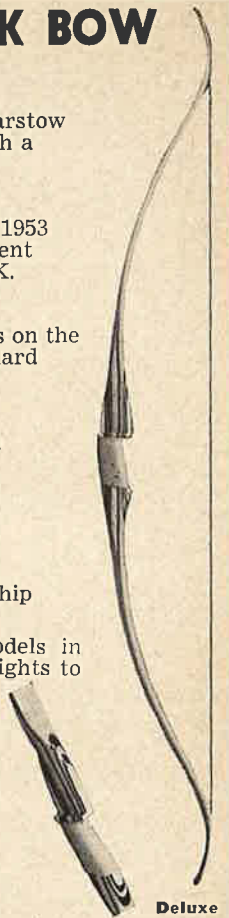
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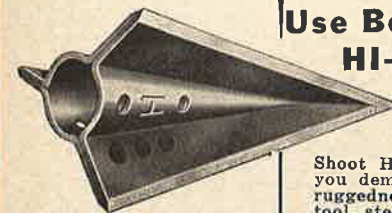
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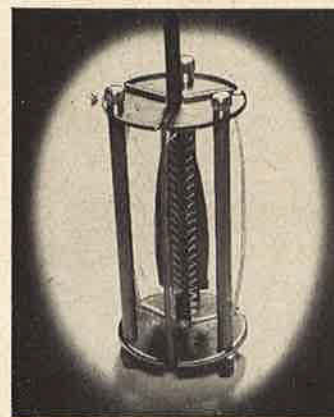
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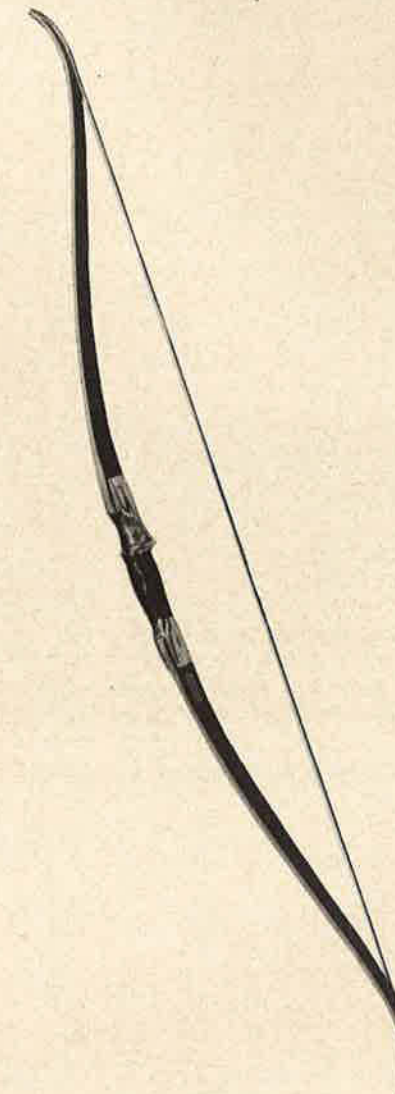
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Continued from page nine.

up toward the big runway that leads from the ledges to the very top of East Dog.

"He's a wise old man," I said to Jeanne.

One glimpse of that buck caused me to forget my worries about roads and driving, and I slept that night like a log. It rained again, and early the next morning I went back to East Dog, hoping to catch him feeding. He was there all right, but all I saw was a flash of tail as he disappeared down Two Buck Runway.

Following him down, I found he had loitered near the bottom. Then, apparently, he had seen me coming, for he had circled again, as before, and gone up the big runway to the top. I knew it was useless to follow him up there.

We tried another day, and another, but after Jeanne and I had hunted past the head of the runway twice without finding him, we thought he had deserted his hangout. Then again we found his giant hoofprints, fresh in the soft earth.

This time I left Jeanne on the submarine rock where we'd first seen him, and hurried straight to the top of East Dog. There I turned to the northwest and came down the big runway to the ledges, hunting as carefully as I knew how. But the wise old buck, instead of circling, had kept on straight to the north, down off the ledges into the slash. I had to clamber all the way back up Two Buck Runway to get Jeanne.

It was on this hunt that I missed what was probably the easiest running shot at a deer that man has ever had. We had separated to hunt parallel routes back toward camp. I had walked into an opening in the slash when a deer blew at me in the raspberry briars, down wind. I stopped and watched the deer, a sleek doe, run nearly toward me through the brush and then bound across the wide opening directly in front of me, passing within twenty yards. I had plenty of time to draw, follow the deer into the open and release. And I shot behind her. It made me mad, but I was thankful it was not the big buck I had missed.

The following day was bright and crisp, and I put aside thoughts of the big buck long enough to give some attention to more practical matters. There was wood to cut, and the Jeep was still at camp, which I knew was unwise.

I had planned to drive out to the gravel road and leave the Jeep, where we'd surely have it to go home in, regardless of the weather. But I had been reluctant to waste the good hunting days, so rare in October, and my interest in hunting the big buck had led me to put it off. Now when I followed our road to the creek I was amazed at the volume of water I found over the crossing. The rains of the past week had nearly doubled its depth, and there appeared to be no possibility of fording the Jeep through it. As a consequence, I spent the next four days constructing a twenty-six-foot bridge.

Not wishing to cut any more trees than necessary, I trimmed up all the poles I had cut out of the road between camp and crossing, and assembled them at the bridge site. I cut two tall spruces for stringers, and got them across with the winch. Then, using every nail I had brought, plus all I could find in camp,

sorted woods and sizes. It was a crude affair, and it sprang up and down when I walked on it. But it held the Jeep.

With the bridge completed, we turned to another project we had been putting off—operation cook-stove.

Our kitchen range had been broken, several years ago, by a visiting bear, and it hadn't worked right since. So when our friend and nearest neighbor, Les Eseltine, made us a present of a good one, we could not turn it down. He had left it in a little horse barn on a log road some ten miles south of his camp, which we pass on the way to ours. His only stipulation had been that we must get it before the end of the hunting season, otherwise the lumbermen would carry it away.

When the bridge was finished we started out for it. Jeanne walked ahead, in hopes of a chance shot at a buck, while I drove the Jeep. We found that the good hunting weather had played hob with our road, and we had to make several detours around impassable mud-holes.

We got stuck three times, and had to pull ourselves out with the winch. Some big timbers had come down, too, and I was glad I had brought along the chain saw to cut them out. It took our combined strength, using peavey and cant hook, to roll some of the big logs out of the way. One of them, partly rotten, split while we were straining at it, and both of us went sprawling into a puddle. Would have been funny as heck, except that Jeanne got a painful smashed finger out of the deal.

It was well past noon by the time we hit the sand road, and Jeanne got in to ride. While we were driving along the road to Eseltine's, a deer bounded across in front of us, and I slid the Jeep to a halt. The deer stopped in an open skidding trail, and stood looking at us. My field glasses produced nice spikes on him.

"It's a buck," I whispered. "Get out and shoot him."

Jeanne was already fumbling around, trying to extricate her bow from the rest of the junk in the back of the Jeep. When she opened her door to get out, I also opened mine, and poking my head over the top of the Jeep began to talk to the deer, to keep its attention while Jeanne got ready to shoot. The way he stared at me he apparently thought I was nuts.

Jeanne, excited and hurried, bungled her first shot, and slammed the arrow smack into the middle of a big beech, some ten yards distant.

I quit talking to the buck and started talking to Jeanne. "Heck of a way for a champ to shoot," I said. "Even an ex-champ. You gotta draw, aim and release. Now concentrate on the spot."

Jeanne did as directed, but though her second arrow flew straight, it fell short. The spike-horn decided he'd had enough of that particular game of Russian roulette. He bounded off, stopping behind a beech thicket. Jeanne scurried up the trail to the top of the knoll, where she turned and shot again.

After both buck and Jeanne had disappeared I went down and chopped her arrow out of the beech. It took a little time, as her 45-lb. Edding's had driven the Zwickey four-blade nearly out of sight into the hard, green wood.

Then I walked up the skidding trail and found her second arrow. Around a bend in the trail I found Jeanne wandering around looking at the ground. Her bow quiver was empty.

"Watcha doin'?" I asked pleasantly.

arrow," said Jeanne. "Miss?" "Right between his lousy legs, I oughta be spanked."

I reserved judgment on this matter for the moment, and started kicking around in the leaves in the spot she indicated. But we couldn't find the third arrow where she thought it should be, so after looking a few minutes I started making some widening circles with the vague idea she might have been mistaken about the miss. I clambered over a down birch and came face to face with the spike-horn. He took a couple of hops, turned, and stood broadside to me, not thirty yards away. My bow was in the Jeep.

I had to do something, so I whistled for Jeanne. Buck still stood there, looking. I turned to look for Jeanne, and saw her plodding methodically through the brush.

"Hurry!" I stage-whispered. Jeanne did not hear, nor did she look up to see my frantic beckoning.

"For cripes sake, get a move on," I yelled. "Come on!"

That ignorant buck stood around watching these proceedings until Jeanne slid over the birch. Even then, if she'd been quick about it, she could have had another shot. Just goes to show you can't depend on a buck's acting like a deer. Also shows a fellow shouldn't leave his bow in the car, even to chop his wife's arrow out of a tree. I'll never miss a better chance, or a prettier package of venison steaks.

We were a couple of shame-faced, crestfallen archers who climbed back into the Jeep, and we didn't say much on the way to Eseltine's. Neither did we say anything about the little spike to Les while he helped us load the stove on the trailer and tie it down for the return trip. It takes a little perspective to see the humor in that sort of situation, especially when you've been eating corned beef for two weeks straight.

Except for getting stuck in a mud-hole or two, our trip back to camp was uneventful. Until we crossed the bridge, that is, and started up the far bank of the creek. Here was a crooked piece of side-hill driving even under good conditions, and the recent rains had made it slippery as grease. The cast iron stove was too much load. It pulled the trailer sideways, and we wound up just at dark, jack-knived around a tree, unable to move in any direction. We left it there, and walked to camp.

I spent a good part of the night, albeit unwillingly, figuring out various combinations of winch cable and snatch blocks that might pull us up that treacherous, slanting side-hill. If I could get the trailer disconnected, I could winch the Jeep and trailer away from the tree, separately. The big problem was from then on.

A straight pull to the front would still permit us to slide off the road downhill, and we'd be locked against another tree. A pull to one side would very likely overturn the Jeep, as I had already learned.

The solution I devised was to chain one snatch block to the trailer connection, so the block lay off at an angle, beside the Jeep. I passed the cable through the other block, directly in front, back through the block beside the Jeep, and thence to a tree about forty-five degrees off our port bow, on the uphill side. This Z-shaped tackle should not only keep us from sliding down the hill, but also give us a three-fold mechanical advantage on the winch.

Continued on page thirty-eight.

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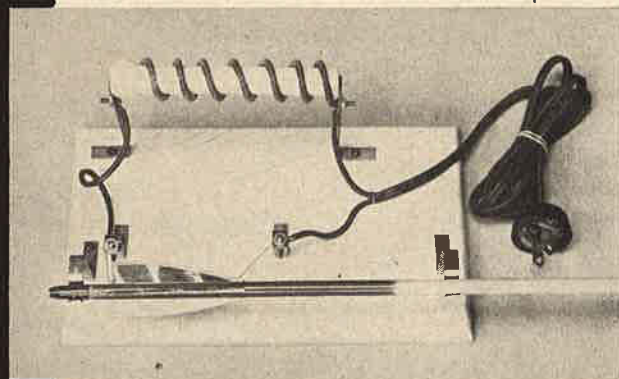
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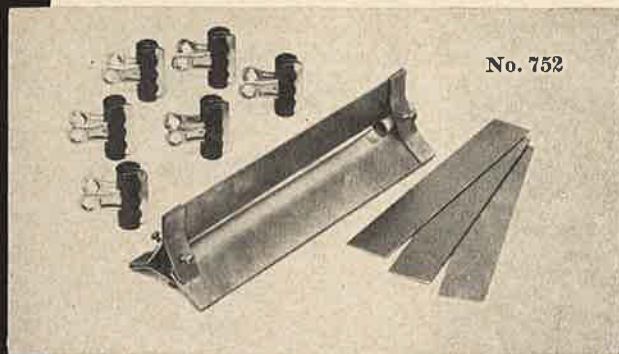
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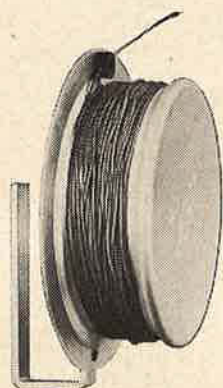
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It worked, too. The biggest difficulty was that I had to rearrange the tackle every time the road changed direction, and every time we passed a tree on the uphill side, so it took a lot of time. We persevered, however, and eventually achieved the top of the bank. By nightfall the new stove was at Big Six.

The next day found us eating pancakes before daybreak. Our time was drawing to a close, and this was to be our last chance at the big buck. As we had not molested him for several days, we hoped perhaps to catch him with his guard down. Over coffee we discussed our plan, and I sketched a rough map for Jeanne.

She was to cross near the bottom of the upper falls at exactly ten o'clock, and proceed south, up the ledges of East Dog. Just before noon she would take a position on the lee side of the knoll at the bottom of Two Buck Runway.

I would cross above the falls, fifteen minutes after Jeanne, and work up the main ridge of the mountain, reaching the big buck's stamping ground just after noon. From there I would continue to the top of the mountain, drop down through the virgin spruce on the steep west slope, following the big runway north down the ledges, where I would meet Jeanne. She is a better shot than I, and she was going to shoot the buck.

I resharpened our broadheads, four apiece, and we took off into a spanking southwest breeze that was rattling the tree-tops around in great shape. It had rained during the night, and if any day was suited to our purpose, this was it.

When I crossed the east fork of the creek, a quarter of a mile above the falls, I checked my watch. Ten-fifteen, right on schedule. I waited a few minutes anyway, to be sure Jeanne was ahead of me. Then I started up the slope, hunting as carefully as I know how. I was willing to bet my bow that the big buck was up there, somewhere within the next half-mile.

Jeanne, meanwhile, had run into a snag in the form of a doe and two fawns that were feeding, directly in her path, in the valley at the foot of the big ledge. If there deer took fright and ran up the ledge, it could well throw a monkey wrench into the whole plan, so Jeanne stood still and watched them, hoping they would move along out of the valley.

They continued to feed, however, in the exasperatingly wary, deliberate, loitering way of an unhurried deer. It's fun to watch, but this was not the time for it, and time was wasting. Finally the doe lay down, and started to chew her cud. Something had to be done.

Jeanne backed away from where she was, got out of sight of the deer, and circled around into the wind. Just below the beginning of the lower cliffs, and well upwind of the deer, she discovered a cleft in the rocks, through which a steep path led back up to the ledge. She scrambled up in time for a satisfying glimpse of three white tails, flashing off toward the north.

The coast was clear, but she was behind schedule, and in a bit of country with which she was not very familiar. In her haste she went beyond the knoll at the foot of the runway, and then, recognizing the spot, turned back to get in the lee of the knoll.

As she came over the edge of it she saw the buck. He was standing on the

100-grain head on, but find that I can shoot much farther and flatter with the lighter head and do just about as much damage.

Well, now the rifle season on deer is opening up and I and my little bow are going to take off for the mountains in search of one more big game kill for the year—one black bear.

## Questions and Answers

Continued from page twelve.

just so the notch in which the shaft rests lines up with the spindle. A piece of soft leather glued in this notch will prevent marring of the shaft. A hand rest, as shown in the sketch, is helpful in holding the brush steady.

The hole in the end of the chuck should be sanded out until it will hold the end of the arrow nock. If it is tapered, it will usually hold all sized nocks and they can be inserted and removed without stopping the machine.

No directions can be given for mounting the motor except that it should have a small amount of adjustment so that the rubber bushing will bear lightly on the friction wheel. It doesn't seem to make much difference which way the shaft revolves.

The photo shows how the finished crester looks. A toggle switch was mounted on the front, though it really is not necessary to stop the machine between arrows.

The crester showing in the back of the illustration is a commercial model of which I have made a few. This is made from magnesium castings and steel rods and involves a great deal of machine work.

**Question:** What do you use for making the small, fine black lines between the various colors on your arrows? I find that I can not use a brush for this fine work without making the stripe crooked. Where might I find such a tool that is inexpensive? Also I would like to know how much weight is lost per inch of arrow using 28" as a standard. For an example, say a bow pulled 60# at 28", how much would the bow pull at 24"?—T.K.

**Answer:** I use a little knurled roller set in the end of a brass tube for striping arrows. This gadget is very difficult to make, but you can usually buy a similar tool at either Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog house or from some paint supply stores. The commercial one, I believe, comes with several different width rollers.

The only professional fletcher with whom I as well acquainted used a very fine artist's brush with part of the bristles clipped off. To do a good job it is essential that the arrow run very true in the cresting machine.

It would be impossible to say how much weight is lost per inch of draw as this would vary a great deal with different bows. I have a Bear Kodiak bow that draws 55# at 28", and 50# at 26", but this might not hold true with another design of bow.

## Lost!

Paul Jordan of Route 1, Lucasville, Ohio, lost his Northwoods quiver and seven hunting arrows while hunting in the neighborhood of Higgins Lake in the Grayling, Michigan area. Any of you guys find it? If you did, Paul sure would be happy to get it back.

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## Roving A-Round

Continued from page thirteen.

trees. Around a few turns in the trail on the way back and there they were. Old long legs himself had been following me in on the logging trail and he had walked in the tracks I had made not fifteen minutes before. After picking up the white parka it was an easy matter to follow where he'd left the trail, but several hours were wasted by trying to trail him when he knew he was being followed. The best strategy seemed to be to go back to the grown-in trail on the ridge and let him do the searching. He didn't show up for the rest of the day, so from a mile in on the trail we left our boot tracks in the snow leading back to Bertha. The next morning revealed just how disturbed this long-legged cuss was, for he had crossed and re-crossed our trail at least fifty times in short runs back and forth across the logging trail, in an attempt to find us after we had gone back to the cabin. He just wanted to make sure we were no longer in his woods.

There was one thing sure, this buck had covered a lot of ground during the night and between chasing his herd of does and trying to determine if there was anyone else in his woods, he was tired. The weather hadn't been cold enough to make him run all day, so he would more than likely bed down by 10:00 a.m. But where? It would most likely be in the heavy stuff at the base of the ridge along the river. His tracks were all over the place in the new snow and leading in all directions. So, we worked the side of the ridge carefully and felt like we had an even chance with the white parka that made us a part of the winter wonderland. The pine trees were thick, but occasionally you could find a break to look down the slopes toward the river, with the snow-covered black spruce rising to the ridge on the other side. When your knees get all wet, you wonder how a deer can lie down and sleep in the snow. At least the multiple colors are gone and the critters can't blend with all the white stuff out there. That bunch of stumps with snow tops down in the hollow? Must be better than a hundred yards or more. That big one would make a good shot from here. Wait a minute, one of those stumps doesn't look like a stump. It's got no snow on it and looks round like a boulder! Yet, a boulder would have snow on top, too. It's got a rounded contour on both ends, like a deer rolled up taking a snooze. Gotta get closer for a better look. Move slow and keep everything down so the parka blends with the white in back. Move very slow, the woods are too quiet. Work the trees and knolls so you can just peak over something. Easy, your lucky you've got a cross wind. Ridiculous, might be stalking a darn rock, like Walt Mulqueen stalked the tombstone in the old cemetery at Necedah? Easy, if you can make that next pine tree we've got twenty yards less and might be able to see. Jaspers! it's tough trying to move and remain motionless at the same time. First one leg and then the other draggin' through the snow on all fours. Your closer now, so take a peek through the brush. It is a deer and he's curled up like a dark ball in the snow. Your eyes are watering, but that's a big rack lying back on the curved neck that positions the head close to the belly. Strain your eyes a little. Sure, you can see the black nose nestled in close and his head's facing your way. Not a chance for a shot from here, too many small saplings in the way. Gotta get closer. Looks like an open shot from that pine tree ahead and off to the right. Well, he's still there and it looks like about forty yards now. If we bump one of these pine branches, and let the snow down, we're sunk. Worse yet, the bow is almost black and bringing it up in this white stuff will be like waving a flag. Sure enough, he's seen the bow! Head snapped back, a look up, and away all in one motion. It's old Long Legs all right. Look at him go, and the arrow buried in the snow on the other side of his bed.

Five hitless days and five lonesome nights. So—back to Milwaukee.

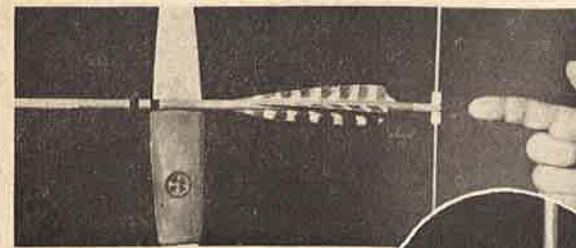
## Timber!

Continued from page sixteen.

to the left. I hurriedly retraced my steps, a few yards and there they were dashing madly across the rocks, and in their wake was one of the biggest bucks I've ever seen. He was not running, just jogging, and when I shot I led him too much, I fumbled another arrow and dropped it. When I finally got it nocked I saw this big fellow standing at about sixty yards looking at me. The first arrow was low, the next one high. Now I had the range and this time would be it. But, that time never came—I had emptied my quiver!

The painful part of this episode was the fact that this big beauty was still standing in the same spot as I entered the woods on the canyon floor.

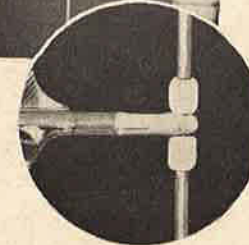
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# With the Beginner

By ED. FENSCH

474 Parkview St., Mansfield, Ohio

Every once in a while I meet up with a new archer—a beginner—who is enthusiastic about archery and has purchased good equipment. He has everything an archer would need to enjoy the sport, but he owns no tools whatever for repairing his equipment. For this he depends on a sporting goods shop to do the job or he plans on buying new tackle whenever his needs require. This, I think, is a mistake.

It's true that many beginners are not expert craftsmen and therefore they shy away from the job of replacing a feather on an arrow, putting on a new point or a new nock, or repairing the serving on a string, and so on. Arrows are saved until a dozen need repairing and are then shipped away or taken to a local person who will refletch the arrows. Strings are thrown away and new ones purchased. All of this because this particular beginner is "too busy to do the job," "doesn't know how," "is all thumbs," "never was any good at working with his hands," or "is just too lazy to do it."

A long time ago I wrote in this column the opinion to his partner who perhaps his arrow was not fletched properly. "How can you tell?" the other fellow asked. I think this is a case in point. No knowledge about arrows allows this archer to shoot a bad shaft without realizing that something is wrong. I've seen archers, and not always beginners, shoot arrows with nocks improperly placed, servings on bowstrings unwinding and allowed to stay on the bow, arrows shot with loose heads, etc. All of these problems could have been remedied easily, but for the want of a few simple archer's tools, nothing is done.

I am convinced that the beginner, along with his bow, arrows, quiver and accessories, should buy a fletching tool, serving thread, string wax, extra heads and nocks and adhesives to fasten on these items, and should either make or buy a feather burner. In fishing, we usually own hones to sharpen hooks, make up various combinations of strings, leaders, lead sinkers, and so on. Similarly, the archer ought to be in a position to keep his own tackle in good condition. No fisherman runs to his dealer to adjust his leader, change the sinker, dry the line, and run the monofilament on his reel. He does that himself.

So, I repeat, I think the beginner should know how to do his archery repair jobs himself. It will lead to better shooting and a better enjoyment of archery.

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## NATIONAL INDOOR MAIL TOURNAMENT

December, 1955  
FLINT ROUND

Open only to archers shooting bows without marks or sights of any kind. Please check your NFAA membership card and be sure you are in good standing. We can not give awards to non-members, and who knows—you might win in your class. BE PREPARED!

### HANDICAP WINNERS:

There are no separate handicap divisions, but everyone, men, women, intermediates and juniors, as well as all classes, are competing in a single major handicap tournament just as they should be in a well run club tournament.

1st. Alyce J. Brown, Elkhorn Archers, Ore., Novice Class.....	1032
2nd. Larry Yeske, Elkhorn Archers, Ore., EBB.....	1000
3rd. Gene Erwin, Elkhorn Archers, Ore., EBB.....	993
4th. Aldo Bianchi, Golden Arrow Bowmen, Calif., Open Class.....	971
5th. John W. Rider, Jr., Greenbrier Archers, W. Va., Open.....	953

December  
16-target  
Score

December  
Handicap  
Score

### GIRLS

INTERMEDIATE GIRLS: (13, 14 and 15 yrs.)	
1. Coley, Sarah Alice, Apache Archery Club, Okla.....	423
2. Coley, Carol, Apache Archery Club, Okla.....	390

### BOYS

JUNIOR BOYS: (12 yrs. and under)	
1. Belay, Bob, Delaware Co. Field & Stream, Pa.....	886
2. Perkowski, Sonny, Delaware Co. Field & Stream, Pa.....	599
3. Carter, David, Sylvan Archers, Ore.....	589
4. Wayne, Arnold, Griffith Municipal Archers, Calif.....	341
5. Hayes, Marshall, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.....	334

INTERMEDIATE BOYS: (13, 14 and 15 yrs.)	
1. Thompson, Jimmy, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	604
2. Perkowski, Richard, Delaware Co. Field & Stream, Pa.....	599
3. Cummings, Raleigh, Griffith Municipal Archers, Cal.....	514
4. Ponso, Denny, Lynwood Recreation Archers, Calif.....	451
5. Sandidge, John, Elkhorn Archers, Ore.....	396

OPEN CLASS:	
1. Shine, Lou, South Gate Roving Archers, Calif.....	808
2. Hatcher, Maxine, Boise Bowmen, Idaho.....	803
3. Sisson, Betty, Golden Arrow Bowmen, Calif.....	762
4. Dudgeon, Bea, Solano Field Archers, Calif.....	759
5. Dillon, Leah, Bath Bow Hunters, N. Y.....	674

BOWMAN CLASS:	
1. Adams, Suttie, Black Mt. Bowmen, Calif.....	583
2. Reynolds, Rachel, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.....	490
3. St. Onge, Charlotte, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.....	478
4. Clark, Audrey, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.....	419
5. Butts, Mary S., Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.....	371

ARCHER CLASS:	
1. Shaver, Hazel, Greenbrier Field Archers, W. Va.....	356
2. Bassette, Alice, Sylvan Archers, Ore.....	332
3. La Rock, Angeline, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.....	245

NOVICE CLASS:	
1. Brown, Alyce J., Elkhorn Archers, Ore.....	432
2. Carter, Betty, Elkhorn Archers, Ore.....	294
3. Hulbert, Sara, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.....	198

OPEN CLASS:	
1. De Salles, Bill, Sylvan Archers, Ore.....	1023
2. Speaks, Leslie, Oranco Bowmen, Calif.....	1022
3. Taylor, Stanley, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	1006
4. Beach, Rex, Apache Archery Club, Okla.....	1004
5. LaVallee, Ray, Niskayuna Field Archers, N. Y.....	969

### EXPERT BOWMAN, CLASS B:

1. Yeske, Larry, Elkhorn Archers, Ore.....	780	1000
2. Erwin, Gene, Elkhorn Archers, Ore.....	713	993
3. Finney, Clyde, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	698	898
4. Myers, Wilbur, Golden Arrow Bowmen, Calif.....	689	909
5. Carson, Jack, Solano Field Archers, Inc., Calif.....	688	

### BOWMAN CLASS:

1. Cameron, Mike, Dune Archers, Calif.....	633	933
2. Metz, Richard, Dune Archers, Calif.....	593	953
3. Keagle, Robert, Black Mountain Bowmen, Calif.....	569	
4. Errington, Robert, Black Mountain Bowmen, Calif.....	540	
5. Smith, Ray, Black Mountain Bowmen, Calif.....	537	

### ARCHER CLASS:

1. Weiss, Harry, Linconia Bow Hunters, Va.....	464	
2. Butts, Ralph, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.....	426	886
3. Griffith, Bud, South Gate Roving Archers, Calif.....	424	844
4. Kelley, Kenneth, Dune Archers, Calif.....	366	786
5. LaRock, Joseph, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.....	336	816

### NOVICE CLASS:

1. Knee, Clarence, Elkhorn Archers, Ore.....	544	844
2. Horn, James, Dune Archers, Calif.....	355	895
3. Rathbun, Glen, Black Mt. Bowmen, Calif.....	254	

### TEAM WINNERS

1st. Charleston Archery Club, S. Charleston, W. Va., Team 1.....	3683
2nd. Golden Arrow Bowmen, Santa Rosa, Calif., Team 2.....	3587
3rd. Golden Arrow Bowmen, Santa Rosa, Calif., Team 1.....	3560

## NATIONAL INDOOR MAIL TOURNAMENT

December, 1955  
FREE-STYLE DIVISION

Open only to archers using a sight, pin, or mark of some kind. Please check your N.F.A.A. membership card and be sure you are in good standing. We cannot award prizes to non-members, and who knows—you might win in your class. BE PREPARED!

### HANDICAP WINNERS:

1st. Mark Beebout, Lynwood Recreation Archers, Calif., Open.....	969
2nd. Paul Jeffers, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va., Open.....	921

December  
16-target  
Score

December  
Handicap  
Score

### BOYS

INTERMEDIATE CLASS: (13, 14 and 15 years)	
1. Kiefer, Gayle, Griffith Municipal Archers, Calif.....	798
2. Payne, Bill, Griffith Municipal Archers, Calif.....	309

### WOMEN

OPEN CLASS:	
1. Jeffers, Jerry, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	862
2. Jent, Erma, Spokane Archery Club, Wash.....	838
3. Pintarich, Lois, Sylvan Archers, Ore.....	826
4. Hamilton, Marge, Sylvan Archers, Ore.....	804
5. Earl, Louise, Bend of the River Archers, Mich.....	769

BOWMAN CLASS:	
1. Harroff, Gertrude, Bend of the River Archers, Mich.....	459
2. Beaver, Margaret, Bend of the River Archers, Mich.....	385

### MEN

OPEN CLASS:	
1. Powell, Rube, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.....	1084
2. Fries, Joe, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.....	1033
3. Pintarich, Paul, Sylvan Archers, Ore.....	982
4. Jeffers, Paul W., Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	981
5. Snyder, Buck, Black Mountain Bowmen, Calif.....	975

### EXPERT BOWMAN, CLASS B:

1. Pearsall, Ralph, Black Mt. Bowmen, Calif.....	671
2. Hymer, Kenneth, Griffith Municipal Archers, Calif.....	615

### BOWMAN CLASS:

1. Wood, Leo, Sylvan Archers, Ore.....	494
--	-----

## Sheridan Club Holds First Indoor Shoot

By LENA CULVER

212 W. Burkitt, Sheridan, Wyo.

The Sheridan Archery Club of Sheridan, Wyoming held their first indoor shoot on January 8th, which consisted of a Flint Bowman Indoor Round. Some of the archers had the idea that it was to be shot with flint arrowheads, but we soon straightened that out and had a fair crowd. We had a swell time and noted that many shooters turned out who hadn't been shooting for some time.

Robert Williamson built a fine moving target and the archers took to it like a duck to water. He also acted as field captain in the absence of Loil MacKlay. The women of the club served a delicious lunch which sure hit the spot.

Winners were: Men: Bob Barosok, Steve Smith and Kenny Mitchell. Women: Lena Culver, Ora May Bell, Juniors: Jim Culver, Mike Hicks and Tom Neigh-

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Amateur bowman, John Smith, of Rochester, N. Y. seen over his kill during the First Archery Safari in Africa.

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## Thunder Buck

Continued from page six.

started pampering his digestive tract in a big way. Now, when his head went down, I very cautiously slipped from one tree to another. Each time, however, I carefully selected the path I would follow before I moved, so that the chances of a dead stick underfoot would be reduced. I also advanced with the bow up and ready to draw if necessary. Bless that little thread on the end of the bow that continually reassured me. "No, you don't have to shoot yet. You know he hasn't seen you or heard you, and he still can't smell you." Only thirty to thirty-five yards now—should I let 'er go? Better not. That's a pretty tight path down those remaining thirty or more yards. Wait him out, he'll step into that two-foot opening in a minute or two. Yeah, but look at all those points on that rack and listen to my heart, he'll hear it for sure. Don't be a fool, that's the biggest deer you've ever been this close to and you want to kill him, not scare him. Wait him out!

Down went The Head again, pulled loose a weed and—BLAM! I was so startled that my heart ceased its noise-making long enough to find out whether it had due cause to continue its inactivity, or whether it should resume operations. That clap of thunder might have sent The Head rocketing out of there, but in typical buck fashion he wanted to know what had made the noise, in which direction he should go, and whether he should sneak or run. Not knowing these answers he simply froze. Every muscle was tensed and ready to go into action. He hadn't even taken time to drop the weed; there it was dangling six or eight inches out of the side of his jaw. His only movement was a slight swiveling of his ears to pick up sound. One second, two seconds, three seconds - - - it was more like hours, but finally the muscles melted back in under his hide and his tail twitched which automatically set his jaw in motion. The weed slowly disappeared and he took those extra few steps. Back came the arrow nock and away went the shaft to thud into his ribs just behind the front leg. It was a little too high for a heart shot. Away went

The Head amid a kind of banging and crashing. Three seconds later—silence except for the wind and rain. Had he slowed to a sneak or was he down?!

I slowly wiped away the rain running down the back of my neck and dripping off the end of my nose. It was getting too dark to trail and with that downpour, trailing the next morning would be out of the question. Again drastic action was necessary if I were to recover The Head that evening. I knew he couldn't go far with a sharp three-bladed broadhead through both lungs, and I thought it better to run the risk of jumping him again rather than wait till morning. If it had been a poor hit I would have reversed this decision. If it had been light enough I would have waited about 30 minutes before moving, even with a good hit.

Since the decision was made, I hauled out the little police whistle I always carry and let go with three sharp blasts which, in Creetie and Dick talk, means come as fast as you can, something's cookin'. I wanted all the help I could get to try to locate him before the forest night set in. I tied my soaking wet handkerchief to a limb at the spot where the hit was made so that I could be sure of the exact spot if I found it necessary to continue the search in the morning. I then started out in a trot in the direction I had last seen my buck. That's right, a trot. It was getting too dark to trail, even with the aid of a small flashlight which I always carry for emergency use, and the rain would have obliterated blood sign of a running deer anyway. My idea was to carefully cover as much territory in that vicinity as I could before dark to try to find him. I trotted following about a 300-yard loop, thinking that at each successive pass I'd close it down a little. After only about half of the first loop was finished, however, I saw a gray shadow slip though the trees ahead. Out came the flashlight, but a careful search of the spot showed no evidence of a wounded deer. On with the trot. A few steps later I heard Creetie's whistle, so I replied to give her my position. Twice more on my first loop, gray ghosts went out ahead of me, but each time there was no evidence that one of them was my deer. I was almost back to my starting point when out of the corner of my eye I saw a tan patch in the dark weeds. I started toward it and stopped. For safety sake I had been running with all arrows in place in the bow quiver. If that were my deer, and if he were still alive, I'd better be ready for him. I put a sharp broadhead arrow on the bow and started an alert, careful approach. Now I could hear Creetie running through the forest. Finally I was right up on the patch. It was a deer and a kick in its rump convinced me it was dead. I walked around to its front, laid down my bow, picked up its head by one side of its massive rack, and split the forest with a series of the most ear-shattering YA-HOOS that Creetie said she had ever heard me utter. She was within puffing and panting distance by then so, at the tail end of a YIPPEE, I yelled, "I got a monster buck." When she was almost there I heard out of the black, "Is it down and dead in front of you or do we have to trail it?" By that time she could see for herself and we sure must have looked like a couple of lunatics, dancing around a dead deer in the rain and yelling ourselves hoarse. Finally, out came my little 6-ounce, 4-power multiple aluminum pulley, up went the deer's front end, and the cleaning job began. Creetie stayed in the black with the

deer so she could guide me back to it by her flashlight signals. I left to get the truck and Doyle's help. And so came about his reply—"Don't kid me, and don't forget that I saw you shoot this morning."

Even the thrill of taking home such a trophy as this, however, is not the urge that sends you back year after year. It's the clear, cold air, the color, the weasels, pine squirrels, hawks, and the sights such as the one Doyle so vividly described to us—sixteen bucks and one doe majestically picking their way single file across a sage flat at dusk.

Where is this spot? Gee, it would sure be difficult to give accurate directions on how to get there. About the best I could tell you is to leave Salina on the canyon road, drive until you come to a dead willow with a flicker perched on the topmost limb, turn right and climb until you come to our camp chair hanging from the meat pole.

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TT-3 for 11/32" hunting or field taper.
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Price \$1.25 each, any size  
Extra blades only 20c ea.  
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### ANNOUNCING

the new TT 4!  
Taper Tenon Tool  
for tapering shafts 11/32" 5° point,  
5/16" 11° nock.

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With moccasin leather re-inforced tips for smooth release. Soft, pliable deerskin and Patented Seamless Palm Design afford maximum comfort and FINGER FREEDOM. Deerskin is the only leather that "breathes" - - - stays cool in summer, warm in winter.

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Single Shooting Glove..... 3.95  
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Specify Men's or Women's Size  
Right or Left Handed

All items prepaid in United States. Send cash,  
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For your fine support and acceptance of our ground base feathers in the past year.

NOW!! DYED BARRED  
IN FIVE BRILLIANT COLORS:  
Red, Orange, Green, Yellow and Blue.

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Available in the ratio of one white to three barred.  
AN EXCELLENT GRADE of #2 white and dyed white  
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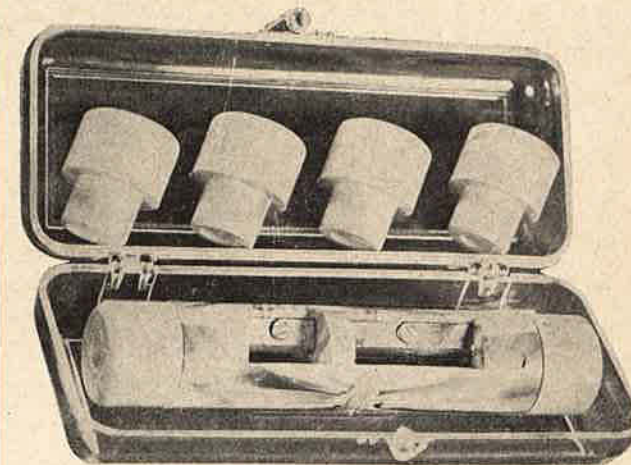
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100	1.75	2.85	3.90
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No. 1, \$57.50 per M — \$6.50 per C

UNSPINDED — UNMATCHED

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25% down on C.O.D.'s

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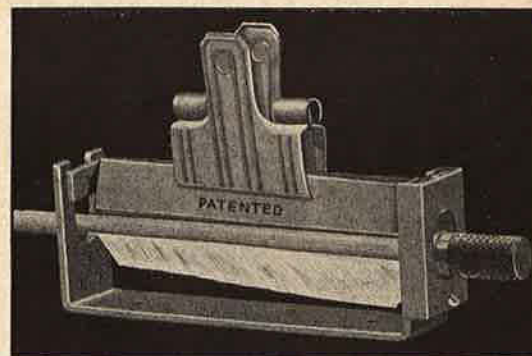
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BARE SHAFT, Nock end swedged, target point  
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FLETCHED, \$22.00 Dz. — \$11.50 1/2 Dz.

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Shafts swedged for broadheads same as target.

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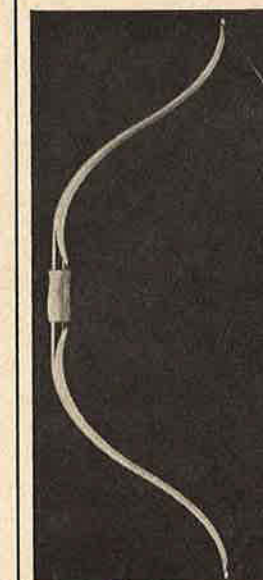
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The Smoothest Shooting  
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- Will not let down
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Robin Hood Archery Co.   
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25 lbs. to 60 lbs.

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**OUR NEW, BIGGER THAN EVER**  
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You'll like our extra prompt service and you can "charge it."





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**BEAR  
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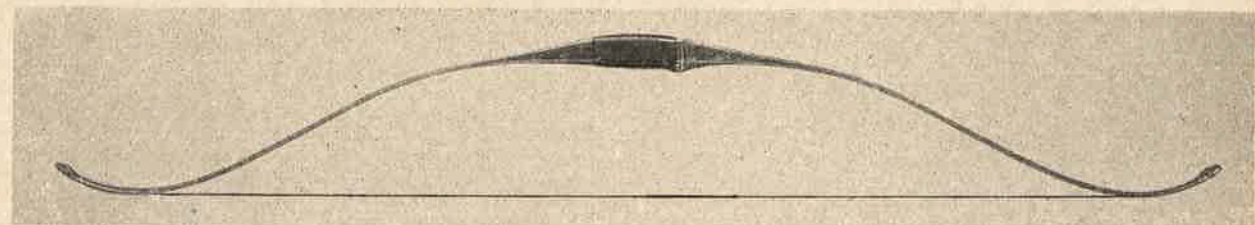


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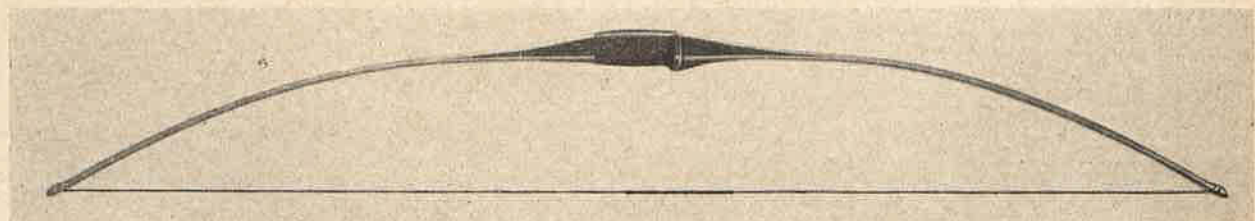
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 Made in 66" — 69" — 72" — and for the ladies a 62" model.

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60" Composite working recurve. Maple core, Ultrabac and Glasface construction.  
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**The Unit Arrow Fletching**

Flexible - Weatherproof - Adjustable

Fits 9/32" and 5/16" shaft sizes.

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 75ST6 Aluminum Bow**

No worry about crooked tips or let  
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 breakage less than any other bow  
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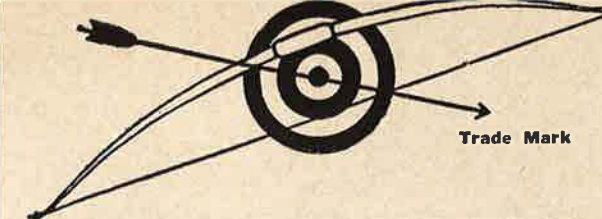
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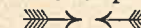
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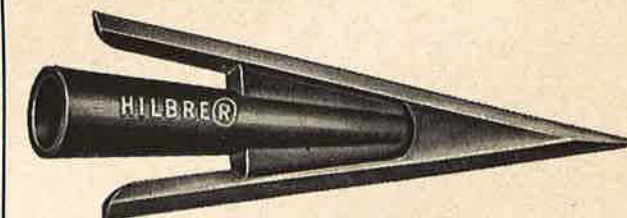
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**STANDARD BOW GUARANTEE**

**\$59.50**

It costs no more to shoot a  
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**BASE GROUND  
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Select Grade**

Gray bars .....\$2.50 per 100  
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4" feather, 11/32" - 23/64" shaft,  
Robin Hood nocks, matched spine.  
35-40-45-50-55-60-65 lb. bows.  
.38 cartridge case points.  
Any length to 30".  
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**Tapered—30 inches.**

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Matched spine — 10 gr. wt.

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23/64 parallel 32" long.  
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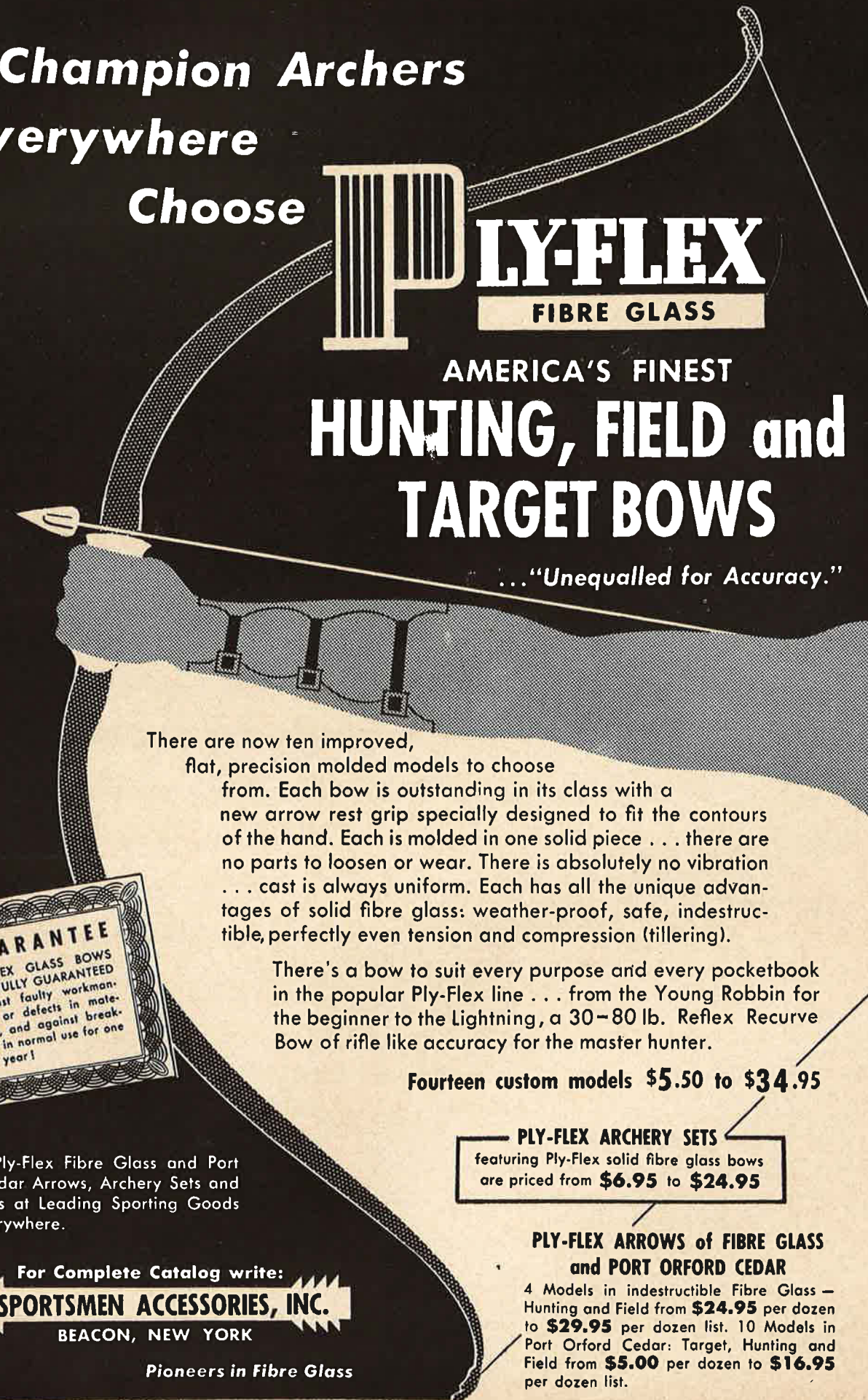
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Bow of rifle like accuracy for the master hunter.

Fourteen custom models **\$5.50 to \$34.95**



Look for Ply-Flex Fibre Glass and Port  
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Accessories at Leading Sporting Goods  
Stores everywhere.

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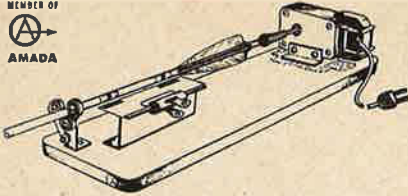
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**PLY-FLEX ARCHERY SETS**  
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**PLY-FLEX ARROWS of FIBRE GLASS  
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4 Models in indestructible Fibre Glass —  
Hunting and Field from **\$24.95** per dozen  
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ONLY \$16.95 P.P.

Ball Bearing Steady Rest  
1/4" to 3/8" Cap — Spring Chuck  
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Accurate Readings  
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BUILT FOR PRODUCTION  
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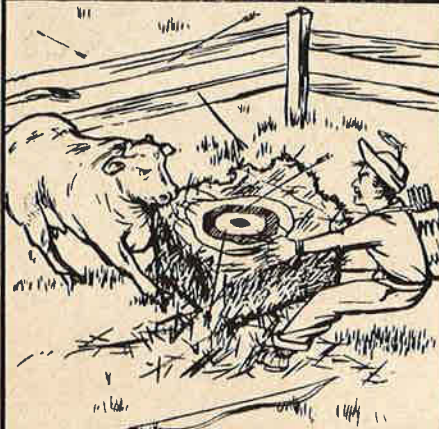
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Visit your Saunders Dealer soon  
to get your free 12" animal face.

**SAUNDERS**  
Archery Target Co.  
COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA

## Outdoor Wife

Continued from page twenty-two.

the day. Your head is protected against the sun and you can avoid eye-strain or headache by wearing dark glasses. Good idea to practice shooting while wearing them, so you'll be used to the idea.

I found one item of real value—an Army type web belt which can be purchased at local surplus stores. I fastened my knife, first-aid kit, lunch and length of rope to this and hardly knew I carried it.

The smallest possible amounts of each item carried, paid off after several hours of hunting. The first-aid kit carried band-aids tweezers, and merthiolate, the latter really helping the sting left after the removal of cactus thorns which we continually picked up, no matter how we tried avoiding them. Dick found a good use for his small pliers which he carries for removing arrows from stumps. Many cactus needles are barbed like a fish hook and they are mean to remove.

A small chap stick, some of which can be applied before leaving camp, saves having cracked lips and is almost nothing in weight. Tennis shoes, high style, with wool socks, worked best for me, I learned when, after one short day's time, I wore the sole off my boots, since we were working in shale a good bit of the time. The wool socks helped protect against hot sand and needles.

There always seemed to be a breeze when we could find a spot of shade. It was then the sand people could be enjoyed. Sand people? Oh, just any of the small, moving creatures: horned toads, lizzards and the like. Then, too, when watching quietly for javelina, there are many other bigger things to watch for which like the desert. Unprotected species, according to the latest hunt regulations (license required) are: lion, coyote, fox, jackrabbit, raccoon, coati mundi, badger, crow, raven, starling, magpie, great horned owl and various hawks.

Hunting desert country can open many new doors to you. You see sights you

see colors that just can hardly be believed and I can almost guarantee the first time you stand among those little guys and watch their funny humping, bucking run, you'll experience seeing a new kind of pricklys, and it won't be prickly pear. Raised the hat right off my head, it did - - - honest! Only kidding! Javelina are just like other wild animals, I bet. Their one thought, when seeing man, is to get away.

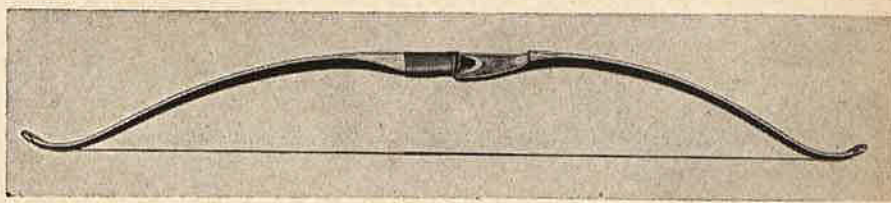
Just one hitch in our plans so far. Having had Jeep trouble last season, near Phoenix, we were able to proceed no further than Superior for our hunt, and our plans to head further south never materialized, so we have, as yet, to get into the larger herd number areas. We'll be flying blind as far as area goes. How about some of you Arizona javelina bow hunters dropping us a line with your suggestions concerning territory. No, not your favorite spot, but maybe your second or third favorite. We'll trade you some good Utah deer hunting territories.

## Club Tournament Held By Laramie Bowmen

By CLYTIE LE VASSEUR  
Box 292, Laramie, Wyoming

At the first club tournament, held January 12th, by the Laramie Bowmen, Duncan Weibel topped the field in the men's division with a score of 548 to win first place. Vera Powell, with a score of 507, out shot the women to capture the trophy. Second and third places in the men's division went to Paul Birkholz and Don Poston. Marion Hereford won second in the women's division, with Barbara Yeoman third.

New officers for 1956 are:  
President—Bob Hereford.  
Vice-President—Rick Lake.  
Sec'y-Treas.—Gordon Nowitzski.  
Reporter—Clytie LaVasseur.  
Directors—Duncan Weibel, Don Jones.  
The club is busy making big plans for the state tournament to be held in Laramie next summer. Hopes are that it will be the best tournament ever held.



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Phone Meadowbrook 3-3076

## ROVIN' SHOTS

I have just been a-wonderin' how many of you fellers who read my article about the cedar shortage, in November issue of Archery, did anything about it.

I'll bet a lot of you fellers had a lot of good intentions, but didn't git any further! Well, if you have to shoot \$27.00 per dozen metal arrows one of these huntin' seasons, don't say I didn't warn yuh!

Some of you might say: "Oh well, we can use fir! It's as good, or better, than cedar." Well, it is all right, if yuh can git the right type. 'Course you'd have to cut up \$80.00 per thousand foot, peeler logs to get it, and by the time you threw away two pieces for every one you kept, you'd be shootin' mighty expensive arrers! Time was when timber here in Oregon wasn't worth much; but things are different now! Let's let them fellers in Washington know that us archers know what we want, and are willin' to fight fer it!

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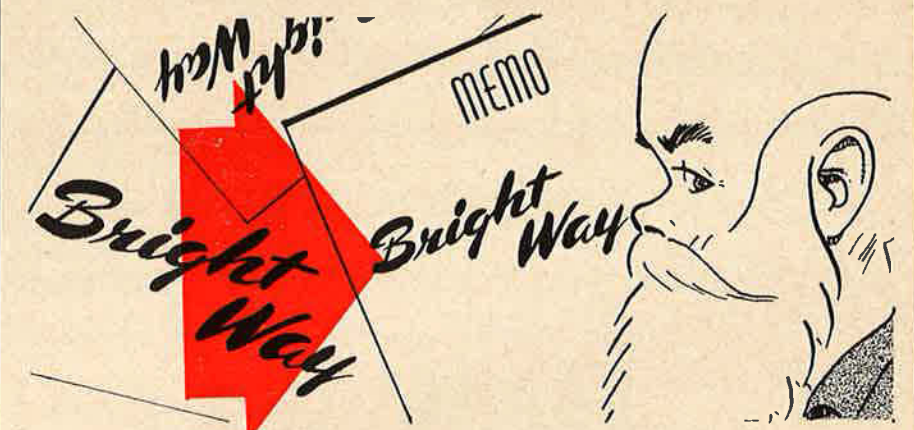
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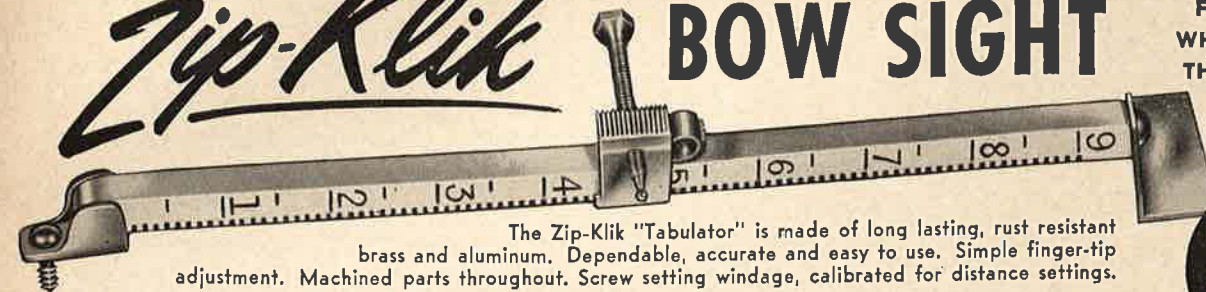
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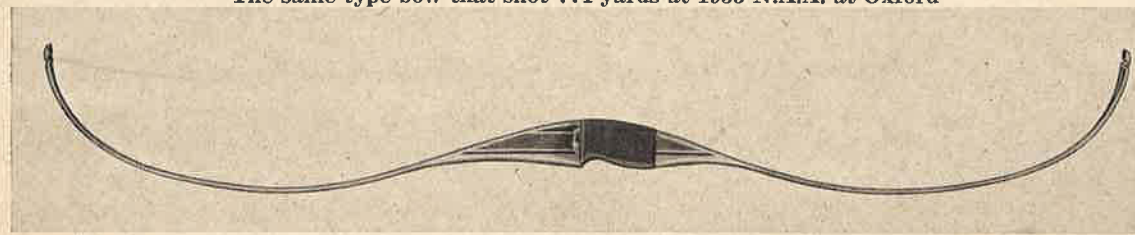
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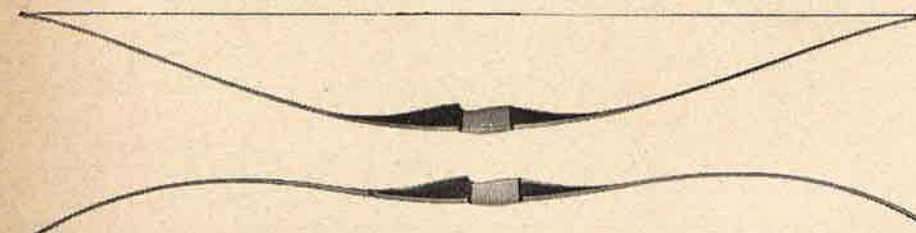
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